Honour and many Victories do Crown
The Name of *Crispianus* with Renown;
Whilst *Crispine* a new Conqueror doth prove,
And Wins at home a Royal Lady's Love.

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The HISTORY of the GENTLE-CRAFT.

A *Gentle-Craft* that hath the Art,
To ſteal ſoon into a Ladies *Heart*;
Here you may ſee what Youth and Love can do,
The Crown doth ſtoop to th'-Maker of a Shoe.

The Pleasant and Princely

HISTORY

OF THE

GENTLE-CRAFT.

A DISCOURSE

Containing many Matters of DELIGHT;

Very Pleasant to Read.

SHEWING

What Famous Men have been SHOOE-MAKERS in Time past in this Land, with their Worthy Deeds and great Hospitality.

Set forth with Pictures, and Variety of Wit and Mirth.

Declaring the Cause why it was called the

GENTLE-CRAFT.

And also how the *Proverb* first grew,

A Shooe-Maker's Son is a Prince Born. T. D.

With Gentleness Judge you,
At nothing here Grudge you,
The Merry Shooe-makers Delight in good Sport:
What here is presented
Be therewith Contented,
And as you do like it, so give your Report.

Hand cute invidiam.

LONDON:

Printed for *H. Rhodes*, at the *Star*, the Corner of *Bride-Lane*, *Fleet-street*.

To all the

Good Yeomen

OF THE

GENTLE-CRAFT.

YOU that the *Gentle-Craft* profeſs,
Liſt to my Words both more and leſs,
And I ſhall tell you many things
Of Worthy and Renowned Kings,
And divers Lords and Knights alſo,
That were Shooemakers long ago.
Some of them in their Diſtreſs,
Delighted in this Buſineſs,
And ſome for whom great wait was laid,
Did ſave their Lives by this ſame Trade.
And other ſome, in Sport and Game,
Delighted much to learn the ſame:
No other Trade in all the Land,
They thought ſo fit unto their Hand;
For evermore they ſtill did find,
That Shooemakers bore a gallant Mind.
Men they were of high Conceit,
The which wrought many a merry Feat,
Stout of Courage were they ſtill,
And in their Weapons had great skill;
Travellers by Sea and Land,
Each Country's way to underſtand;
Wrong they wrought not any Man,
With Reaſon all things did they ſcan.
Good Houſes kept they evermore,
Relieving both the Sick and Poor.
In Law no Money would they ſpend,
Their Quarrels Friendly would they end.
No Malice did they bear to any,
But ſhew'd great Favour unto many.
Offences they would ſoon forgive,
They would not in Contention live.
Thus in Joy they ſpent their Days,
With pleaſant Songs and Roundelays,
And God did bleſs them with Content,
Sufficient for them always ſent,
And never yet did any know
A Shooemaker a Begging go.
Kind are they one to another,
Uſing each Stranger as his Brother.
Thus lived Shooemakers of old,
As ancient Writers have it told;
And thus Shooemakers ſtill would be;
So Fame from them ſhall never flee.

The

The Old *Shooe-Maker's* ADVICE to his Son:

BEING

The Downfall of ALE-WIVES.

YOUNG Man, that now art in thy Prime, beware of Drunkenneſs,
Thy Father hath miſ-ſpent his Time in that ſame foul Exceſs;
Which made me for to write to thee, the Ale-Houſe to refrain,
Becauſe it hath quite Ruin'd me, ſpending my Time in vain.

A Wall-Nut is a pleaſant Fruit, and hath a bitter Skin,
If with the Ale-Wife thou Diſpute, ſhe'll make thy Purſe but thin:
Thy Money muſt maintain her Pride, and buy her Cob-web Lawn,
Whilſt thou for Beer and Ale beſide doſt lay thy Cloak to pawn.

Good Counſel ſhe will ſeem to give, but if thou ſtay away,
This Woman knows not how to Live, her Trade will ſoon decay:
Thou work'ſt for her both Day and Night, and all to pay thy Score,
She loves to ſee thee in her ſight, and all to keep thee Poor.

She'll make a very Rogue of thee, if thou by her be Rul'd,
Hadſt thou not better to go free, than be by her thus Fool'd?
When thou go'ſt home to wig to wag, praiſing thy own good Carriage,
Thy Cloaths no better than a Rag, O this will ſpoil thy Marriage.

She evermore will thee perſwade never to take a Wife,
For why? ſhe thinks, 'twill ſpoil her Trade, and be the cauſe of Strife:
If thou be ne'er ſo much in haſt, ſhe'll cauſe thee for to ſtay,
The Cupboard then muſt be uncas'd, *Tuſh, what, will you away?*

She'll bring a piece of Powder'd Beef, or a *Virginia* Trout,
O ſhe's a very loving Thief, ſhe'll find thy Money out,
Her Lattice ſhews, as thou may'ſt ſee, ſhe ſells both Ale and Beer,
But, O beware, be rul'd by me, buy not her Ware ſo dear.

For ſhe will hold ſome Folks in talk, both *Jeffery*, *James* and *John*,
Then with a double-forked Chalk ſhe'll ſcore two Pots for one:
I'll tell you of a Story good (ye Drunkards mend your Lives)
If it be rightly underſtood, you'd never love Ale-Wives.

Two Drunkards lov'd each other well, and both liv'd in one Houſe,
(The Thing is true which I ſhall tell) the beſt not worth a Louſe:
One of them dy'd and left his Cloak and Suit unto the other,
They ſpent their Coin in Drink and Smoak, and Ruined each other.

But mark the Ale-Wife's Cruelty, ſhe claim'd all for her own,
Becauſe the Man that then did die, was in her Debt 'twas known:
Then have a Care my honeſt Lad, if thou die ne'er ſo Poor,
If any thing be to be had, 'tis that muſt pay thy Score.

Then

...live but a civil Life, and 'scape this Dragon fell,
...may'st prevent much drunken Strife, and then thou shalt do well;
... and *Crispianus* stout, were proper Men and tall;
... if thou beat this Dragon out, thou dost more than them all.

For he that can himself subdue, and Bridle his own Will,
O, he doth more than if he slew, and did ten Dragons kill.
Gentlemen of the *Gentle Craft*, I wish so well to all,
Altho' you drink your Morning's Draught, let none procure your Fall.

To all Courteous READERS, Health.

HOW *St.* Hugh *was Son to the Renowned King of* Powis, *a Noble* Britain *Born, who in the Prime of his Years, loved the fair Virgin* Winifred; *who was the only Daughter of* Donwallo; *which was the last King that Reigned in* Tegina, *which is now called* Flintshire; *but she refusing all Offers of Love, was only pleased with a Religious Life. Her Father was sent to* Rome, *and Died, whose Lady left her Life long before. This Virgin therefore forsook her Father's Princely Palace in* Pant Varre, *and made her whole abiding in the most Sweet and Pleasant Valley of* Sichnaunt, *and lived there Solitarily, and careless of all Company or Comfort: It chanced that in the Summer's Heat, this fair Virgin being distressed for want of Drink, and not knowing where to get any, there sprung up suddenly a Crystal Stream of most pleasent Water out of the hard Ground, whereof this Virgin did daily Drink, unto which God Himself gave so great a Virtue, that many People having been washed therein, were healed of divers and sundry Infirmities, wherewith they were born. Moreover, round about this Well where this Virgin did use to walk, did grow a kind of Moss, which is of a most sweet Savour, and the Colour thereof is as fresh in Winter as in Summer, so that lying thereon, you would suppose your self to be on a Bed of Down, perfumed with most precious Odours. And what of all this? Marry, read this Book and you shall know: But read Nothing except you read All. And why so? Because the Beginning shews not the Middle, and the Middle shews not the latter End.*

And so Farewel.

The

THE Pleaſant and Princely HISTORY OF THE GENTLE-CRAFT, &c.

CHAP. I.

The Pleaſant Hiſtory of Sir Hugh, *and firſt of all his Conſtant Love to the Fair Virgin* Winifred.

COnquering and moſt Imperious Love having ſeized on the Heart of young Sir *Hugh*, all his Wits were ſet on work how to compaſs the Love of the fair Virgin *Winifred*, whoſe Diſdain was the chief Cauſe of his Care, having received many infinite Sorrows for her ſake. But as a Stream of Water being ſtopt, overfloweth the Bank; ſo ſmothered Deſire both burſt out into a great Flame of Fire; which made the Male-contented Lover to ſeek ſome Means to appeaſe the Strife of his contentious Thoughts; whereupon he began to encourage himſelf: Tuſh, *Hugh*, let not a few froward Words of a Woman diſmay thee, for they love to be entreated, and delight to be wooed, tho' they would make the World believe otherwiſe, for their Denials proceed more of Niceneſs than Niggardlineſs, refuſing that they would faineſt have. What if ſometime *Winifred* frown on thee, yet her Favour may exceed her Frowardneſs. The Sun is ſometime over-caſt with Clouds, ſo that her Brightneſs is not ſeen. In Wars, the forer the Fight is, the greater is the Glory of the Victory; and the harder a Woman is to be won, the ſweeter is her Love when it is obtained; Wherefore once again I'll try my Fortune, and ſee what Succeſs my Suit ſhall find. On this Reſolution Sir *Hugh* returned to *Winifred*, greeting her thus:

Now, fair Lady, having ſlept away the Remembrance of your ſharp Anſwers, I come again in a new Conceit to renew an old Suit, and to ſee if the change of the Day will yield a change of Dolours. Truly, Sir *Hugh (quoth ſhe)* if with the change of the Day you have changed your Opinion, your Dolour will be driven away well enough: But as touching your Suit, it ſhall be needleſs to repeat it, becauſe I am not willing to prefer it. Stay there *(quoth* Sir *Hugh)* I will prefer it; ſo that you ſhall accept it. Now *(quoth ſhe)* I will accept it if you will prefer it, in ſending it back to the Place from whence it did proceed, and I would to God I could ſend you away as ſoon as your Suit. Why then belike I am not welcome? ſaid Sir *Hugh*; Yes *(quoth ſhe)* as welcome to me as a Storm to a diſtreſſed Mariner; I admire greatly that Reaſon will not rule you, nor Words win you from your wilfulneſs: If you were as weary to woo as I am weary to hear you, I am perſwaded that long ſince you would have ceaſed your vain Suit; you think by theſe Perſwaſions to turn my Opinion, but as well you may think that you may quench Fire with Oil; therefore pray Sir *Hugh*, be not ſo tedious to me, nor troubleſome to your ſelf.

Come, come *(quoth he)* all this will not ſerve your turn: Ponder with thy ſelf *Winifred* that thou art Fair, O that thou wert as Favourable: Thy Beauty hath bound me to be thy Servant, and never ceaſe till I ſee another obtain thee, or my ſelf be poſſeſſed of my heart's Content: Thou art a King's Daughter and I a Prince's Son. Stain not the Glory of true Nobility with the foul Sin of Obſtinacy, but be thou as kind as thou art Courtly, and Gentle as thou art Noble, and then ſhall our Strife ſoon end.

Winifred perceiving that the farther off ſhe was to grant Love, the more eager he was to deſire it, ſhifted him off thus: Sir, Although your overhaſtineſs drive me into the greateſt Doubtfulneſs, yet let me intreat you, if you Love me, to give me one Month's Reſpite to conſider on this Matter, and it may be (that upon my better Deliberation) it ſhall be pleaſing unto you, and not at all diſcontenting to me.

Fair Love, *(quoth he,)* far be it from my Heart to deny ſo kind a Requeſt, I am content to ſtay a Month from thy ſight, were it two or three, upon Condition that thou wouldeſt then grant me thy good Will: Three Months, although it be very long, yet will it come at laſt, and I could be content for that time to be Dead for thy ſake; inſomuch, that my Life might be renewed by thy Love.

Nay *(quoth Winifred)* ſtay three Months and ſtay for ever; by this a Maid may ſee how ready Men are upon light Occaſions to take long Days, whoſe Loves are like a Fern-buſh, ſoon ſet on fire, and ſoon conſumed; 'faith, Sir *Hugh*, I mean to try before I truſt you.

Pardon me fair *Winifred*, ſaid Sir *Hugh*, if my Tongue doth out-ſtrip my Wit, in Truth I ſpeak but to pleaſe thee, though to diſpleaſe my ſelf: But I pray thee, let it not be three Hours, or three Quarters of an Hour if thou wilt.

Nay, nay *(quoth ſhe)* your firſt Word ſhall ſtand, after three Months come again, and then you ſhall know my Mind to the full, and ſo good Sir *Hugh* be gone; but if I do ever hear from thee, or ſee thee betwixt this time and the time prefixt, I will for ever after blot thy Name out of my Book of Remembrance, and never yield thee that Courteſie, which thou at this time ſo earneſtly entreateſt for.

Sir *Hugh* upon theſe Words departed betwixt Hope and Dread, much like a Man committing a Treſpaſs, that ſtays for the Sentence of Life or Death.

O unhappy Man, *(quoth he)* how hath my over-ſlippery Tongue lengthened the time of my Sorrow! She of her ſelf moſt courteouſly requeſted of me but one Month's Stay, and I moſt willingly and undiſcreetly added thereto eight Weeks more of Miſery; much like the

the Man, that having a Knife given him to pair his Nails, did therewith murder himself. Now I could wish that the Sun had Eagles Wings, swiftly to fly through the fair Firmament, and finish six Days in one Days time. With that he began to count the Days and Hours that were in three Months, falling (in a manner) to despair with himself, when he found them so many in Number; and therewithal melancholy and sadly he went to his Father's House, where his Brother *Griffith* found by his Countenance the perfect Map of a pensive Lover; whereupon he said unto him:

Why, how now Brother? Hath fair *Winifred*'s Beauty so greatly wounded you, as you cannot speak a merry Word to your Friend, but sit in a Corner as if you were Tongueless, like a Stock? Tush, Brother, Women are like Shadows, for the more a Man follows them, the faster they run away; but let a Man turn his Course, and then they will presently follow him. What, Man, pluck up a good Heart, for there are more Women now than lived in the time of old Father *Adam*.

Oh (said Sir *Hugh*) were there ten thousand times more than there are now, what were that to me if *Winifred* be unkind; yet is she the only Oil that still maintains the Lamp of my Light, and without her there is nothing comfortable to my sight.

Then (reply'd *Griffith*) you are as much troubled in Love as a Goat in an Ague, and as blind as a Fly in *October*, that will stand still while a Man cuts off his Head; come, go a hunting with me, that will drive away your over-fond Conceits, and you shall see these three Months will come upon you as a Quarter-day upon a poor Man that hath never a penny ready towards the Payment of his Rent.

CHAP. II.

How beautiful VVinifred, *being over-much Superstitious, forsook her Father's Wealth, and lived poorly by a springing Fountain, from whence no Man could get her to go; which Spring to this Day is called* VVinifred's *Well.*

Winifred, who had but of late Years, with her own Father, received the Christian Faith, became so superstitious, that she thought the VVealth of the VVorld for ever would have been a burthen for her Soul, and have drawn her mind from the love of her Master; wherefore, forsaking all manner of earthly Pomp, she lived a long time very poorly, hard by the side of a most pleasant springing VVell; from which Place neither her Friends by Entreaty, nor her Foes by Violence could bring her: VVhich Sir *Hugh* hearing,

ing, he went thither, immediately after, unto her, which was the time limited by them both; and finding her mind altogether altered, he wondred not a little what ſhe meant. And approaching the Place where ſhe ſate, ſuited in ſimple Attire, he ſaluted her in theſe VVords.

All Health to fair *Winifred*; I truſt my Dear that now the Deſtinies have yielded a convenient Opportunity for me, to finiſh my long begun Suit with the end of my former Sorrows: Long and tedious hath the VVinter of my VVoes been, which with nipping Care hath blaſted the Beauty of my youthful Delight, which is like never again to flouriſh, except the bright Sun-ſhine of thy Favour do renew the ſame: Therefore, fair Love, remember thy Promiſe made unto me, and put me no more off with pleaſing Delays.

She (which all this while ſate ſolemnly reading in her Book) lent little Ear unto his VVords; which he perceiving, pluckt her by the Arm, ſaying: VVherefore anſwereth not my fair Love, to her deareſt perplexed Friend?

VVhat would you have, (*quoth ſhe*) can I never be at quiet for you? Is there no Corner of Content in this VVorld to be found?

Yes *Winifred*, (*ſaid he*) Content dwells here or no where; content me, and I will content thee, if my Content may be thy Content. Then read this Book, and there reſt content, ſaid *Winifred*: And if thou refuſeſt this, then think not to find Content on Earth.

Sir *Hugh* replied: VVhat, is this all the Reward I ſhall have for obeying your Heart-cutting Commands? Have I thus long hoped, and find no better Hap? You know well that it is now three long Months ſince theſe Eyes took Comfort of thy Beauty, and ſince that time my bleeding Heart received Joy in thy Gentleneſs.

I have forgotten you quite, (*ſays ſhe,*) What three Months is that you ſpeak of: For my part I aſſure you, that it is as far out of my Mind, as you are from the Mount of *Calvary*.

Fair *Winifred*, (*ſaid he*) have you forgotten me, and therewithal my Love, which I ſo effectually grounded upon your good liking? You told me that now I ſhould receive an Anſwer to my Content.

O, Sir, (*quoth ſhe*) you have ſtayed over-long, and your Words are in my hearing as unprofitable as Snow in Harveſt: my Love is fled to Heaven, from whence no Earthly Man can fetch it; and therefore build not on vain Hope, nor do thou deceive thy ſelf by following any unprofitable Suit, if ever I love earthly Man, it ſhall be thee, inſomuch, as thou haſt deſerved an earthly Ladies Love; but my Love is ſettled for ever, both in this World and in the World to come, and this I moſt earneſtly entreat thee to take for a final Anſwer.

With that Sir *Hugh* turning his Head aſide, wept moſt bitterly, and in going away he glanced his Eye back again after his Love, ſaying to himſelf: O unconſtant VVomen, wavering and uncertain, how many Sorrows are fond Men drawn unto by your wilely Enticements? who are alſo ſwallowed up in the gaping Gulf of Care, while they liſten after the Heart-liking ſound of your inchanting Voices. O *Winifred*, full little did I think that ſo hard a Heart could have been ſhrouded under ſo ſweet and loving a Countenance; but ſeeing that my good VVill is thus requited, I will altogether abhor the ſight of VVomen, and I will ſeek the VVorld throughout, but I will find ſome Bleſſed Plot, where no ſuch corrupt kind of Cattle breed.

Hereupon, all in a hot haſty Humour, he made Preparation to go beyond the Seas, ſuiting himſelf after the Nature of a melancholy Man, and arriving in *France*, he took his Journey towards *Paris*, which City (at that time) was well repleniſhed with many goodly fair VVomen, as well as *Britain*, tho' to his thinking, nothing ſo lovely; but nevertheleſs, what

what they wanted in Beauty they had in Bravery, which when Sir *Hugh* ſaw, he ſuddenly departed from that Place, counting it the moſt pernicious Place in the whole Country. And from thence he went into *Italy*, where he found ſuch ſtately Dames and lovely Ladies, whom Nature had adorned with all Perfection of outward Beauty; whoſe ſight put him again in Remembrance of his fair Love, which like freſh Fewel, newly augmented the Flames of his burning Deſire: Oh (*ſaid he*) how unhappy am I to be haunted by theſe Heart-tormenting Fiends, bewitching the Eyes of ſimple Men with Angel-like Faces, and like inchanted *Circes*, bring them to a Labyrinth of continual Woes.

O, *Winifred*, thy Peeviſhneſs hath bred my Dangers and done thy ſelf no Good at all: Thou ſitteſt weeping by a Cryſtal Stream, where is no need of Water, while I wander up and down, ſeeking to forget thee; thou never remembreſt me, having drawn the Fountain of mine Eyes dry, through thy diſcourteous Diſdain. Might I never ſee any of thy Sex, my Heart would be more at quiet: But every Place where I come, puts me in mind of thy Perfections, and therewithal renews my Pain: But I will from hence as ſoon as poſſible I can, tho' not ſo ſoon as I would, for fear leſt theſe ſweet Serpents ſhould ſting me with Delight.

Hereupon he paſſed on ſo far, that at length he came to a City ſituated in the Sea, and compaſſed with the wide Ocean. Here (*quoth Sir* Hugh) is a fit Place for Melancholy Men, where it is ſuppoſed that no Women do live, inſomuch, that their delicate Bodies cannot endure the ſalt Savour of the mounting Waves, if it be ſo, there will I make my Reſidence, counting it the moſt bleſſed Place under Heaven: But he was no ſooner ſet on the Land, but he beheld whole Troops of lovely Ladies paſſing up and down in moſt ſumptuous Attire, framing their Geſtures anſwerable to their comely Beauties.

Nay, now I ſee (*quoth Sir* Hugh) that the whole World is infected with theſe deceiving *Syrens*, and therefore in vain it is for me to ſeek for that I ſhall never find; and therewithal ſought for ſome Houſe where he might hide himſelf from them. But by that time he was at Supper, comes a Crew of Court-like Dames, richly attired, and with wanton Eyes and pleaſant Speech, they boldly ſat down by him; and perceiving him to be a Stranger, they were not ſtrange to allure him to their Delight: Wherefore while he ſate at Meat they yielded him ſuch Mirth as their beſt Skill could afford, and ſtretched their nimble Fingers, playing on their Sweet-ſounding Inſtruments, they ſung this enſuing Song, with ſuch clear and quavering Voices, as had been ſufficient to allure the Chaſt-hearted *Xenocrates* unto Folly; and ſtill as they did ſing, Sir *Hugh* anſwered in the laſt Line, inſomuch as it ſeemed to be a Dialogue between them: And in this manner following, the Women began their Song.

The Courteſan's SONG of *Venice*.

Ladies. *WElcome to Venice, gentle, courteous Knight,*
Caſt off all Care, and entertain Content,
If any here be Gracious in thy Sight,
Do but Requeſt, and ſhe ſhall ſoon Conſent.
Love's Wings are ſwift, then be not thou ſo ſlow.

Hugh. Oh that fair *Winifred* would once ſay ſo.

Ladies. *Within my Lap lay down thy comely Head,*
And let me ſtreak thoſe golden Locks of thine,
Look on the Tears that for thy ſake I ſhed,
And be thou Lord of any thing that's mine:

One

One gentle Look upon thy Love bestow.
Hugh. Oh that fair *Winifred* would once say so.

Ladies. *Embrace thy Joy, thy Lady in thy Arms,*
And with all Pleasures pass to thy Delight;
If thou dost think the Light will work our Harms,
Come, come to Bed, and welcome all the Night,
There shalt thou find what Lovers ought to know.
Hugh. Oh that fair *Winifred* would once say so.

Ladies. *Give me those Pearls as Pledges of thy Love,*
And with those Pearls the Favour of thy Heart,
Do not from me thy Sugar'd Breath remove,
That double Comfort gives to every Part:
Nay, stay, Sir Knight, from hence thou shalt not go.
Hugh. Oh that fair *Winifred* would once say so.

When Sir *Hugh* had heard this Song, and therewithal noted their wanton Gestures, he began to be suspicious of their Proffers, and thinking in himself, that either they sought his Destruction, as the *Syrenes* did *Ulysses*; or that they intended to make a Prey of his Purse, as *Lais* did of her Lovers; therefore supposing some Adder to lye lurking under the fair Flower of their proffered Pleasures, he determined the next Morning after (with speed) to depart from the City. So when he had with good Discretion avoided their Company, while he lay tormented with restless Thoughts on his still tossed Bed, began thus to meditate:

Now, well I see my own Vanity, that is as ill pleased with Womens Favours as their Frowns: How often have I with heart-sighing Sorrow, complained of Womens Unkindness, making large Invectives against their Discurtesies? And yet here, where I find Women as Kind as they are Fair, and as Courteous as they are Comely, I run into a world of Doubts, and I am so suspicious of their Proffers, as I was earnest to win *Winifred's* Favour. It may be (*quoth he*) that is the Nature of this gentle Soil to breed as kind Creatures, as the Country of *Britain* breeds Coy Dames.

Undoubtedly, had my Love first taken Life in this kind and courteous Climate, she would have been as kind as they, if I mis-judge not of their Gentleness, because I have always been turned to Scornfulness: Methinks they are too fair to be Harlots, and too bold to be Honest; but as they have no Cause to hate me that never hurt them, so have they little cause to love me, being a far Stranger born; to them a Man altogether unknown, but it may be, that this time of the Year is only unfortunate for Lovers; as it is certainly known unto all Men, that every Season of the Year breeds a sundry Commodity; for Roses flourish in *June*, and Gilliflowers in *August*, neither of them both doth so in the cold Winter. Such as seek for Fruit on sapless Trees in the Month of *January*, lose their Labour as well as their longing; then why should I covet to gather Fruits of Love, when I see that Love is not yet ripe? Now let me observe the Season that yields the sweetest Comforts to love-sick Persons, and so I may reap the joyful Fruits of Heart's Content; I will therefore return to my former Love, hoping now to find her as friendly, as at my Departure she was froward: I will once again entreat her, and speak her exceeding fair, for with many Drops the hardest Stone is pierced, so also with many importunate Entreaties a flinty Heart may be moved to Remorse. I take no pleasure at all in any Place, but only in her Presence with

which

which she continually graceth a running Stream: Far be it from her mind to kiss her own shadow in the Crystal Spring, and to be in Love with her own similitude, for so she might be spoiled as *Narcissus* was; for it is commonly seen, That sudden Dangers follow fond Opinions.

So with these and the like Thoughts he drove out the Night, till the Sun's bright Eye began to peep in at his Chamber Window, at which time dressing himself, he went to the Water-side, where he found a Ship ready to transport rich Merchandize to the Western Islands, in the which Sir *Hugh* became a Passenger. But when they were put off to Sea, there arose so sudden a Storm, and of a long Continuance, that no Man look'd for Life, but expected every Moment present Death, so that the Mariners quite forsook the Tackle, and the Master the Helm, committing themselves to God, and their Ship to the Mercy of the swelling Seas, by whose furious Waves they were sometimes tossed up towards Heaven, anon thrown down to the deep of Hell: In which Extremity Sir *Hugh* made this Lamentation:

O unhappy Man! how eagerly doth Mischance pursue me at my Heels; for betwixt my Love on the Land, and Danger of Life on the Sea, it has made me the wretched'st Man breathing on Earth.

Here we may see that Miseries have Power over Men, and not Men over Miseries: Now must I die far from my Friends, and be drenched in the deep, where my Body must feed the Fishes that swim in the rich bottom of the Sea: Therefore, fair *Winifred*, the chief Ground of my Griefs, here will I Sacrifice my last Tears unto thee, and pour forth my Complaints.

O how happy should I count my self, if those Fishes which shall live on my Bodies Food, might be Meat for my Love! It grieveth me much to think that my poor bleeding Heart, wherein thy Picture is engraven, should be rent in Pieces in such grievous sort; but thrice accursed be that Fish that first setteth his nimble Teeth thereon, except he swim therewith unto my Love, and so deliver it as a Present or Token from me.

Had my troubled Stars allotted me to leave my Life in the pleasant Valley of *Siebnaunt*, then no doubt my Love with her fair Hands would have closed up my dying Eyes, and perhaps would have rung a Peal of sorrowful Sighs for my sake.

By this time was the Weather-beaten Bark driven by the Shore of *Sicily*, where the Men had Safety of their Lives, although with Loss of their Ship, and spoil of their Goods; but they no sooner had shaken off their dropping wet Garments on the Shore, but that they were assaulted by a sort of monstrous Men, that had but one Eye a-piece, and that placed in the midst of their Foreheads: With whom the Tempest-beaten Seamen had a fierce Fight, in which many of them were slain, and divers of them fled away to save themselves: So that in the end Sir *Hugh* was left alone to Fortune in a double Fray, and having at last quite overcome his Adversaries, he went his way, and was so far entered into a dark Wilderness, that he could not devise with himself which way he should take to get out, where he was so cruelly affrighted, with the dreadful Cry of fierce Lyons and Bears, and wild Bulls, and so many thousands more of other dangerous and cruel ravenous Beasts, which with greedy Mouths ranged about for their Prey; in which Distress Sir *Hugh* got him up into a Tree, and being there, brake out into these Passions.

O Lord! (*quoth he*) hast thou preserved me from the great Peril and Danger of the Sea, and delivered me out of the Hands of Cruel Monstrous Men, and now sufferest thou me to be devoured of Wild Beasts? Alas! that my foul Sins should bring so many sundry

Sorrows

Sorrows upon my Head; but for all this, may I thank unkind *Winifred*, whoſe Diſdain hath wrought my Deſtruction. Woe was the time that ever I beheld her bewitching Beauty. But hereby we may ſee that the Path is clear that leadeth to Danger. But why blame I the blameleſs Lady? Alas! full little did ſhe know of my deſperate Courſes in Travel; but ſuch is the Fury that haunts frantick Lovers, who never fear Danger until it fall and light upon their own Heads.

But by that time the Day began to appear, he perceived a huge Elephant with ſtiff Joints walking towards him, and preſently after came a fierce-tongued Dragon, which ſuddenly aſſaulted this peaceful Elephant, in whoſe ſubtil Encounter the wrathful Dragon, with his long wrickled Tail, did ſo ſhackle the hinder Feet of the Elephant together, that like a Priſoner faſt fettered in Irons, he could not ſtir a Foot for his Life: To which time the furious Dragon never left him till he had thruſt his ſlender Head into the Elephant's long hooked Noſe, out of which he never drew it, until by ſucking the Elephant's Blood, he had made him ſo feeble and ſo weak, that he could ſtand no longer upon his Feet; at which time the fainting Elephant, with a grievous Cry, fell down dead upon the Dragon; ſo with the fall of his weighty Body, burſt the Dragon in pieces, and ſo killed him; whereby their Bloods being mixed together, it ſtained all the Ground where they both lay, changing the green Graſs into a rich Scarlet Colour. This ſtrange Sight betwixt theſe two Beaſts, cauſed good Sir *Hugh* to judge that Nature had planted between them a deadly hatred, the Fire whereof could not be quenched, but by ſhedding of both their Hearts Blood. Now when Sir *Hugh* ſaw that grim Death had ended their Quarrel, and perceiving no Danger near, he came down from the Tree, and ſought to find out ſome inhabited Town; but being entangled in the Woods, like the *Centaur* in his Labyrinth, he could by no Means get out, but wandered in unknown Paſſages, leading him to many Perils.

At laſt another Elephant met him, who (according to his kind Nature) never left him till he had conducted him out of all Danger, and brought him out of the Wilderneſs, into the Way again, whereby Sir *Hugh* at the length came in ſight of a Port Town, where in four Days after he embarked himſelf in a Ship bound for *Britain*, and at laſt obtained the Sight of his Native Country, where he arrived in Safety, tho' in a very poor ſort, coming on Shore at a Place called *Harwich*, where for want of Money he greatly lamented, and made much moan. But meeting with a merry Journey-man Shooe-maker dwelling in that Town, and ſome Conference had together, they both agreed to Travel in the Country; where we will leave them, and ſpeak of *Winifred* and of her great Calamities.

CHAP. III.

How Fair Winifred *was impriſoned and condemned to die for her Religion; and how Sir* Hugh *became a Shooe-maker, and afterwards came to ſuffer Death with his Love; ſhewing alſo how the Shooe-makers Tools came to be called* S. Hugh's *Bones; and the Trade of Shooe-making the* Gentle-Craft.

ANon, after the Doctrine of Chriſt was made known in *Britain*, and the Worſhip of Heathen Idols was forbidden, yet many Troubles did the Chriſtians endure by the outragious Blood-thirſtineſs of divers wooliſh Tyrants that by the way of Invaſion ſet footing in this Land, as it fell out in the Days of *Diocleſian*, that with bloody Minds perſecuted ſuch as would not yield to the Pagan Law, among which the Virgin *Winifred* was one, who, for that ſhe continued conſtant in the Faith, was long Impriſoned. During which time Sir *Hugh* wrought in a Shooe-maker's Shop, having learned that Trade through the

the courteous Directions of a kind Journey-man; where he remain'd the space of one whole Year, in which time he had gotten himself good Apparel, and every thing comely and decent. Notwithstanding, though he were now contented to forget his Birth, yet could he not forget the Beauty of his Love: Who although he had utterly forsaken her, yet could he not alter his Affections from her, because indeed Affections alter not, like a pale-fac'd Coward. The wildest Bull *(quoth he)* is tamed, being tied to a Fig-Tree; and the Coyest Dame (in time) may yield, like Wax. Though Roses have Prickles, yet they are gathered; and tho' Women seem froward, yet they will shew themselves kind and friendly. Neither is there any Wax so hard, but by often tempering is made apt to receive Impression. Admit she hath heretofore been Cruel, yet now may she be Courteous: A true-hearted Lover forgets all Trespasses, and a Smile cureth the Wound of a Frown. Thus, after the manner of fond Lovers, he flattered himself in his Folly; and in Praise of his Lady, sang this pleasant Ditty following:

THE Pride of Britain *is my Heart's Delight,*
My Lady lives my true Love to requite;
And in her Love I live, that else were dead,
Like withered Leaves in time of Winter shed.

She is the Joy and Comfort of my Mind,
She is the Sun that cleareth Sight doth blind.
The fairest Flower that in the World doth grow,
Whose whiteness doth surpass the driven Snow.

Her gentle Words, more sweet than Honey are,
Her Eyes for clearness dim the brightest Star:
Oh! were her Heart so kind as she is fair,
No Lady might with my true Love compare.

A Thousand Griefs for her I have sustain'd,
While her proud Thoughts my humble Suit disdain'd,
And tho' she would my Heart with Torments kill,
Yet would I honour, serve, and love her still.

Blest be the Place where she doth like to live,
Blest be the Light that doth her Comfort give;
And blessed be all Creatures far and near,
That yield Relief unto my Lady dear.

Never may Sorrow enter where she is,
Never may she contented Comfort miss,
Never may she my proffer'd Love forsake,
But my good Will in thankful sort to take.

Thus feeding his Fancy with the sweet Remembrance of her Beauty, being never satisfied with thinking and speaking to her Praise, at length he resolved himself to go into *Flintshire*, where he might sollicit his Suit anew again; but coming near to the Place of her Residence, and hearing Report of her Troubles, he so highly commended her Faith and Constancy, that at length he was clapt up in Prison by her, and in the End was condemned to receive equal Torment for a Tryal of his own Truth.

But during the Time they lay both in Prison, the Journey-men Shooe-makers never left him, but yielded him great Relief, so that he wanted nothing that was necessary for him; in requital of which Kindness, he called them *Gentlemen of the* Gentle-Craft, and a few Days before his Death he made this Song in their Commendations.

OF Craft and Crafts-men more or less, the Gentle-Craft *I must commend,*
Whose Deeds declare their Faithfulness, and hearty Love unto their Friend:
The Gentle-Craft *in midst of Strife,*
Yields Comfort to a careful Life.

A Prince by Birth I am indeed, the which for Love forsook this Land,
And when I was in extream need, I took the Gentle-Craft *in hand:*
And by the Gentle-Craft *alone,*
Long time I liv'd, being still unknown.

Spending my Days in sweet Content, with many a pleasant sugared Song,
Sitting with pleasures Compliments, whilst we recorded Lovers Wrong:
And while the Gentle-Craft *we us'd,*
True Love by us was not abus'd.

Our Shooes we sow'd with merry Notes, and by our Mirth expell'd all Moan,
Like Nightingales, from whose sweet Throats, most pleasant Tunes are nightly blown:
The Gentle-Craft *is fittest then,*
For poor distressed Gentlemen.

Their Minds do mount in Courtesie, and they disdain a Niggard's Feast,
Their Bodies are for Chivalry, all Cowardice they do detest:
For Sword and Shield, for Bow and Shaft,
No Man can stain the Gentle-Craft.

Yea, sundry Princes sore distrest, shall seek for Succour by this Trade,
Whereby their Grief shall be redrest, of Foes they shall not be afraid;
And many Men of Fame likewise,
Shall from the Gentle-Craft *arise.*

If we want Money over-Night, e'er next Day Noon God will it send,
Thus we may keep our selves Upright, and be no Churls unto our Friend:
Thus do we live where Pleasure springs,
In our Conceit like petty Kings.

Our Hearts with Care we may not kill, Man's Life surpasseth worldly Wealth;
Content surpasseth Riches still, and fie on Knaves that live by Stealth:
This Trade therefore both great and small,
The Gentle-Craft, *shall ever call.*

When the Journey-men Shooe-makers had heard this Song, and the fair Title that Sir *Hugh* had given their Trade; they engraved the same so deeply in their Minds, that to this Day it could never be razed out: Like a Remembrance in a Marble-stone, which continueth time out of Mind.

But not long after came the doleful Day wherein these two Lovers must lose their Lives, who like two meek Lambs were led to the Slaughter; the bloody Performance thereof was to be done hard by that fair Fountain, where the Love-despising Lady made her most abode:

abode: And because she was a King's Daughter, the bloody Tyrant gave her the Privilege to choose her own Death: To the which she passed with as good a Countenance as if she had been a fair young Bride prepared for Marriage.

(*Viz.*) When they were come to the Place of Execution, and mounted on the Scaffold, they seemed for Beauty like two bright Stars, *Castor* and *Pollux*; there they embraced each other with such chast Desire, as all those that beheld them admir'd to see how stedfast and firm these Lovers were, ready in Hearts and Minds for Heaven it self.

At what time the Lady turned herself to Sir *Hugh*, and spake to this Effect: Now I find thee a perfect Lover indeed, that having setled thy Affections above the Skies, art ready to yield thy Life for thy Love, who in Requital thereof will give thee Life for ever.

The Love of Earthly Creatures is mixed with many Miseries, and interlaced with sundry Sorrows; and here Grief shall abate the Pleasures of Love, but be well assured that you shall follow the same.

Thou didst woo me for Love, and now I have won thee to Love, where setling both our selves upon God's Love, we will Love one another; and in Token of that Heavenly Love, receive of me, I pray thee, a chast and loving Kiss from my dying Lips.

Fair *Winifred* (*quoth he*) it is True indeed, I never loved truly till thou taught'st me to Love, for then my Love was full of Discontent, but now altogether Pleasing, and more sweet to the Thought thereof, than any one can express.

The thing that I before ever called Love, was but a shadow of Love, a Sweetness tempered with Gall, a dying Life, and a living Death; where the Heart was continually toss't upon the Seas of Tempestuous Sorrows, and wherein the Mind had no Calm of Quietness; and therefore blessed be the Time that I ever learned this Love. With that he was interrupted by the Tyrant, who said, You are not come hither to talk, but to die; I have sworn you shall both die this Instant. Thou Tyrant (*said Sir* Hugh) the very like Sentence is pronounc'd against thy self; for Nature hath doomed that thou shalt die likewise, and albeit the Execution thereof be somewhat deferred, yet at length it will come, and that shortly, for never did Tyrant carry gray Hairs to the Grave.

The young Lady desired first to die, saying to Sir *Hugh*, Come dear Friend and learn Magnanimity of a Maid; now shalt thou see a silly Woman scorn Death at his Teeth, and make as small Account of his Cruelty, as the Tyrant doth our Lives; and therewithal stript up her silken Sleeves, and committed her Alabaster Arms into the Executioner's foul Hands, having made her Choice to die bleeding; at what time being prick'd in every Vein, the Blood sprang out in plentiful sort, like a Fountain fill'd with Claret-wine.

And while she thus bled, she said, Here do I Sacrifice my Blood to him that bought me, who by his Blood washt away all my Sins; O sweet Saviour! thus were thy Sides pierced for my Transgressions, and in this sort sprang thy precious Blood from thee, all for the love thou beareſt to Mankind: I feel my Heart to faint, but my Soul receiveth Strength; I come, sweet Jesus, I come. And therewithal her Body fainting and the Blood failing, like a Conduit drawn dry, the young Princess fell down dead, at what time a pale Colour overspread her fair Face in such comely sort, as if a heap of Roses had been shadowed with a Sheet of pure Lawn.

But it is to be remembred all the while the young Princess bled, her Blood was received into several Basons, which being in that sort saved together, the Tyrant caused it to be tempered with Poyson, and prepared it to be the last Drink that Sir *Hugh* should have: saying, That by her Blood whom he so dearly loved, he should receive his Death. And there-

thereupon incontinently, without any further Delay of time, he caused a Cup of the most deadly poyson'd Blood to be delivered into his Hands, who with a lovely and chearful Countenance received the same, and then uttered his Mind in this manner.

O thou cruel Tyrant (*quoth he*) what a poor Spite is this to inflict upon a dying Man, that is as careless how he dies, as when he dies: Easie it is for thee to glut me with Blood, although with Blood thou art not satisfied. Sweet Blood (*quoth he*) precious and pure, how fair a Colour dost thou cast before mine Eyes! Sweet, I say, wast thou before such time as this ill-favouring Poyson did infect thee; and yet as thou art, I nothing despise thee: O my dear *Winifred*, full little did I think that ever I should come to drink of thy dear Heart's-Blood.

My greedy Eye that Glutton like did feed upon thy Beauty, and yet, like the Sea, was never satisfied, is now with gore-blood fully gorged. Now may I quench my thirsty Desire with Love, that like hot burning Coals set my Heart in such extream Heat, that it could not be quenched before this time; for if fair *Winifred* could spare any Love from Heaven, assuredly she left it in her Blood, her sweet Heart-Blood I mean, that nourished her chast Life: See here is a Candle to cool my vain Affections; far be it that any true Lover should ever taste the like.

But this Punishment hath the just Heavens poured upon me for the preferring the Love of an Earthly Creature before the Love of an Heavenly Creator; Pardon, O Lord, the foul Sins of superstitious Lovers, that while they make Idols of their Ladies, they forget the Honour of thy Divine Majesty. Yet doth it do me good to think that I must bury sweet *Winifred*'s Blood in my Body, whose Love was lodged long ago in my Heart: And therewithal drinking the first Draught, he said: O Lord it seemeth this Potion hath a comfortable Taste, far doth it surpass the Nectar wherewith the Gods were nourished.

Well (*said the Tyrant*) seeing it pleaseth thee so well, thou shalt have more; and therewithal another Cup of the same Blood was given him to drink.

Yea, come (*quoth he*) my Thirst is not yet quenched, for the first Draught gave me but a Tast of Sweetness; like a longing Woman I desire the rest; and with that he drank the second Draught. The third being given him, he took the Cup in his Hand, and looking about, he said; Lo, here I drink to all the Yeomen of the *Gentle-Craft*.

I drink to you all (*quoth he*) but I cannot spare you one Drop to pledge me. Had I any good thing to give you, you should soon receive it; but my Life the Tyrant doth take, and my Flesh is bequeathed to the Fowls: So that nothing is left but only my Bones to pleasure you withal, and those if they will do you any good, take them; and so I humbly take my Leave, bidding you all farewell.

Then with the last Draught he finished his Life; whose dead Carcass was hanged up, where the Fowls devoured his Flesh; and the young Princess was contemptuously buried by the Well, where she had so long lived. Then had he the Title of St. *Hugh* given him, and she of St *Winifred*; by which Terms they are both so called to this Day.

CHAP. IV.

How the Shoo-makers stole away S. Hugh's *Bones, and made them Working-Tools thereof, and the Virtue they found in the same: Whereby it came that when any Man saw a Shoo-maker travelling with a Pack at his Back, they would presently say,* There go St. *Hugh*'s Bones.

UPon a Time it chanced that a Company of Journey-men Shoo-makers passed along by the Place where S. *Hugh*'s dead Body was hang'd, and finding the Flesh pickt clean off from the Bones, they entered thus into Communication amongst themselves.

Never

Never was S. *Hugh* ſo bare (*quoth one*) to carry never a bit of Skin upon his Bones; nor thou never ſo bare (*ſaith another*) to bear never a Penny in thy Purſe.

But now hearing you talk of S. *Hugh*, it brings me to a Remembrance of his Legacy that he gave us at his Death: What was that? (*ſaid the reſt*) Marry (*quoth he*) I will tell you: When the gentle Prince ſaw that the Cruelty of the Tyrant would not ſuffer him to be liberal to his Friends, but that his Life was taken away by one, and his Fleſh given to others, he moſt kindly bequeathed his Bones to us.

Tuſh (*quoth another*) that was but to ſhew his Mind towards the Shooe-makers becauſe he had received of them ſo many Favours; for alas! what can the dead Man's Bones pleaſure the Living? No! (*quoth another*) I can tell you, there may be as great Virtue found in his Bones as in the Brains of a Weaſel, or the Tongue of a Frog: Much alike (*anſwered the reſt*) but I pray ſhew us what Virtue there is in thoſe things you ſpeak of. *Quoth he*, I will tell you; the Brains of a Weaſel hath this Power, *experientia docet*, that if the Powder thereof be mixed with Runnet, wherewith Women make their Cheeſe, no Mouſe will touch it: in like manner, the Tongue of a Water-Frog hath ſuch great Force, that if it be laid upon the Breaſt of any one ſleeping, it will cauſe them to tell whatever you demand; for by that Means *Dick Piper* knew he was a Cuckold. Again, I know thoſe that are Travellers, are not ignorant that whoever puts but Six Leaves of Mugwort in his Shooes, ſhall never be weary though he travel Thirty or Forty Miles in a Forenoon. That may be true, *quoth one*, for by the very ſame Herb my laſt Dame kept her Ale from ſowring; and it is ſaid, that where Houſeek is planted, the Place ſhall never be hurt with Thunder: Pimpernel is good againſt Witchcraft: And becauſe my Siſter *Joan* carried always ſome about her, Mother *Bumby* could not abide her: Therefore what Virtue a dead Man's Bones may have, we know not till we have tryed them.

Why then, *ſaid the third Man*, let us ſoon at Night ſteal St. *Hugh*'s Bones away, and albeit the Tyrant will be diſpleaſed, yet it is no Theft; for you ſay they were given us, and therefore we may the bolder take them, and becauſe we will turn them to Profit and avoid Suſpicion, we will make divers of our Tools with them, and then if any Virtue doth follow them, the better we ſhall find it.

To this Motion every one gave his Conſent, ſo that ſame Night S. *Hugh*'s Bones were taken down, and being brought before a ſort of Shooe-makers, there they gave their Opinion, that

that it was necessary to fulfil the Will of the Dead, and to take those Bones in good Part, as if they were worth Ten Thousand Pounds; whereupon one stept out and thus did say:

MY Friends I pray you listen to me,
And mark what S. Hugh's *Bones shall be.*
First, A Drawer and a Dresser,
Two Wedges, a more and a lesser:
A pretty Block three Inches high,
In fashion squared like a Die,
Which shall be call'd by proper Name,
A Heel-Block, ah, the very same:
A Hand-leather and Thumb-leather likewise,
To pull out Shoe-thread we must devise;
The Needle and the Thimble shall not be left alone,
The Pincers, the Pricking-Awl, and Rubbing-stone;
The Awl, Steel and Tacks, the sowing Hairs beside,
The Stirrop holding-fast, while we sow the Cow-hide,
The Whetstone, the Stopping-stick, and the Paring-knife;
All this doth belong to a Journey-man's Life:
Our Apron is the Shrine to wrap these Bones in,
Thus shroud we S. Hugh's *Bones in a gentle Lamb's-Skin.*

Now, you good Yeomen of the *Gentle-Craft*, tell me (*quoth he*) how like you this?

As well (*replied they*) as S. *George* doth of his Horse; for as long as we can see him fight with the Dragon, we will never part with this Poesie.

And it shall be concluded, that what Journey-man soever he be hereafter, that cannot handle his Sword and Buckler, his long Sword and Quarter-Staff, sound the Trumpet, or play upon the Flute, or bear his Part in a Three-man's Song, and readily reckon up his Tools in Rhime (except he have born Colours in the Field, being a Lieutenant, a Serjeant, or Corporal) shall forfeit and pay a Bottle of Wine, or be counted for a Colt; to which they answered all, *Vivâ voce*, *Content*, *content*: And then after many merry Songs, they departed. And never after did they travel without these Tools on their Backs: Which ever since have been called S. *Hugh's* Bones.

CHAP. V.

How Crispianus *and his Brother* Crispine, *the two Sons of the King of* Logria (*through the Cruelty of the Tyrant* Maximinus) *were fain in disguised Manner to seek their Lives Safety, and how they were entertained by a Shoe-maker in* Feversham.

WHen the Roman *Maximinus* sought in cruel sort to bereave this Land of all her noble Youth, or Youth of Noble Blood; the Virtuous Queen of *Logria* (which now is called *Kent*) dwelling in the City *Durovenum*, alias, *Canterbury*, or the Court of *Kentish-men*, having at that Time two young Sons, sought all the Means she could to keep them out of the Tyrant's Claws: And in this Manner she spake unto them.

My dear and beloved Sons, the Joy and Comfort of my Age, you see the Dangers of these Times, and the Storms of a Tyrant's Reign: Who having now gathered together the most part of the young Nobility, to make them Slaves in a Foreign Land, that are Free-born in their own Country, seeking for you also, thereby to make a clear Riddance of

of all our born Princes, to the end he might plant Strangers in their ſtead: Therefore (my ſweet Sons) take the Counſel of your Mother, and ſeek in time to prevent enſuing Danger, which will come upon us as ſuddenly as a Storm at Sea, and as cruel as a Tyger in the Foreſt; therefore ſuiting your ſelves in honeſt Habits, ſeek ſome Service to ſhield you from Miſchance, ſeeing Neceſſity hath privileged thoſe Places from Tyranny. And ſo (my Sons) the Heavens may raiſe you to your deſerved Dignity and Honour.

The young Lads ſeeing their Mother was ſo earneſt to have them gone, fulfilled her Commands; and caſting off their Attire, put homely Garments on, and with many bitter Tears took leave of their Mother, deſiring her to beſtow her Bleſſing on them.

O my Sons (*quoth ſhe*) ſtand not now upon your Ceremonies, had I Leiſure to give you one Kiſs, it were ſomething, the Lord bleſs you! get you gone, away, away, make haſt, I ſay, let not ſwift Time overſlip you, for the Tyrant is hard by: With that ſhe puſhed them out at a back Door, and then ſets her ſelf down to weep.

The two young Princes, which like pretty Lambs were ſtraying they knew not whither, at length by good Fortune came to *Feverſham*, where before the Day-peep, they heard certain Shooe-makers ſinging, being as pleaſant at their Notes, as they ſat at their Buſineſs: And this was their SONG.

WOuld God that it were Holyday,
hey derry down, down derry,
That with my Love I might go play,
with Woe my Heart is weary;
My whole Delight is in her ſight,
would God I had her Company,
her Company,
hey derry down, down a down.
My Love is fine, my Love is fair,
hey derry down, down derry,
No Maid can well with her compare,
in Kent *or* Canterbury:
From me my Love ſhall never move,
would God I had her Company, *&c.*

To ſee her laugh, to ſee her ſmile,
hey derry down, down derry;
Doth all my Sorrows clean beguile,
and makes my Heart full merry:
No Grief doth grow, where ſhe doth go,
would God I had her Company, *&c.*

When I do meet her on the Green,
hey derry down, down derry;
Methinks ſhe looks like Beauties Queen,
which makes my Heart full merry;
Then I her greet with Kiſſes ſweet,
would God I had her Company, *&c.*

My

My Love comes not of churlish kind,
hey derry down, down derry;
But bears a loving courteous Mind,
which makes my Heart full merry;
She is not Coy, she is my Joy,
would God I had her Company, *&c.*

Till Sunday *comes, farewell my Dear,*
hey derry down, down derry;
When we do meet, we'll have good Chear,
and then we will be merry:
If thou love me, I will love thee,
and still delight in thy Company,
thy Company,
Hey derry down, down a down.

The young Princes perceiving such Mirth to remain in so homely a Cottage, judged by their pleasant Notes, that they were not cloyed with much Cares: And therefore wished it might be their good hap to be harboured in a Place of such great Content.

But standing a long time in doubt what to do, like two distressed Strangers, combating betwixt Hope and Fear, at length taking Courage, *Crispianus* knocked at the Door: What Knave knocks there? (*quoth one of the Journey-men*) and by and by takes his Quarter-Staff, and opens the Door, being as ready to strike as speak; *saying*, What lack you? To whom *Crispianus* made this Answer: Good Sir, Pardon our Boldness, and measure not our Truth by our Rudeness, we are two poor Boys that want a Service, stripe from our Friends by the Fury of these Wars, and therefore are we enforced succourless to crave Service in any Place. What have you no Friends or Acquaintance in these Parts to go to (*said the Shooe maker*) by whose Means you might get Preferment? Alas! Sir, said *Crispianus*, Necessity is despised of every one, and Misery is trodden down of many, but seldom or never reliev'd; yet notwithstanding, if our Hope did not yield us some Comfort of good Hap, we should grow desperate through Distress. That were great pity (*said the Shooe-maker*) be Content, for as our Dame tells our Master, A Patient Man is better than a Strong Man: Stay, and I will call our Dame, and then you shall hear what she will say. With that he went in, and forth came his Dame, who beholding the Youths, said: Now alas! poor Boys, how comes it to pass that you are out of Service? what would you be Shooe-makers, and learn the *Gentle-Craft*? Yes, forsooth (*said they*) with all our Hearts. Now by my troth (*quoth she*) you do look with honest true Faces, I will entreat my Husband for you, for we would gladly have good Boys; and if you would be Just and True, and serve God, no doubt but you may do well enough, come in my Lads, come in. *Crispianus* and his Brother, with great Reverence gave her Thanks, and by that time they had stayed a little while, down came the Good-man, and his Wife hard by his Heels, saying: Husband, these be the Youths I told you of, no doubt but in time they will be good Men.

Her Husband looking very wishfully upon them, and conceiving a good Opinion of their Favours, at length agreed that they should dwell with him, so that they would be bound for Seven Years. The Youths being contented, the Bargain was soon ended, and so set to their Business; whereat they were no sooner settled, but that great Search was made for them in all Places; and albeit the Officers came to the House where they dwelt, by reason of their Disguise, they knew them not, having also taken upon them borrowed Names of *Crispianus* and *Crispine*. Within a few Days the Queen their Mother was by the Tyrant taken, and for that she would not confess where her Sons were, she was laid in Prison in *Colchester* Castle, whereunto she went with as chearful a Countenance, as *Caterarus* did when he was led Captive to *Rome*: coming by the Place where her Sons sat at Work, with a quick Eye she had soon espied them; and look how a dying Coal revives in the Wind,

eve

even ſo at this ſight ſhe became ſuddenly red; but making ſigns that they ſhould hold their Tongues, ſhe was led along; whom Seven Years after, her Sons did never ſee. But as Men ſtand amazed at the Sight of Apparitions in the Air, as ignorant of what Succeſs ſhall follow, even ſo were theſe two Princes aghaſt to ſee their own Mother thus led away, not knowing what Danger ſhould enſue thereof.

Notwithſtanding they thought good to keep their Service, as their Lives ſureſt Refuge: at what time they both bent their whole Minds to pleaſe their Maſter and Dame, refuſing nothing that was put them to do; were it to waſh Diſhes, ſcour Kettles, or any other thing whereby they thought their Dame's Favour might be gotten, which made her the readier to give them a good Report to their Maſter, and to do them any other Service, which otherwiſe they ſhould have miſſed: following therein the Admonition of an Old Journey-man, who would always ſay to the Apprentices:

Howſoever Things do frame,
Pleaſe well thy Maſter, but chiefly thy Dame.

Now by that time theſe two young Princes had truly ſerved their Maſter the ſpace of Four or Five Years, he was grown ſomewhat wealthy, and they very Cunning in their Trade, whereby the Houſe had the name to breed the beſt Workmen in the Country, which Report in the end, preferred their Maſter to be the Emperor's Shooe-maker; and by this Means his Servants went to *Maximinus*'s Court every Day; but *Criſpianus* and *Criſpine* fearing they ſhould be known, kept themſelves from thence as much as they could: Notwithſtanding at the laſt, perſwading themſelves that Time had worn them out of Knowledge, they were willing in the end to go thither, as well to hear Tydings of the Queen their Mother, as alſo to ſeek their own Preferment.

CHAP. VI.

How the Emperor's fair Daughter Urſula *fell in Love with* Criſpine, *coming with Shooes to the Court, and how in the end they were ſecretly married by a blind Fryer.*

NOW among all the Shooe-maker's Men that came to the Court with Shooes, young *Criſpine* was had in greateſt Eſteem with the fair Princeſs, whoſe Mother being lately dead, ſhe was the only Joy of her Father; who always ſought Means to match her with ſome worthy *Roman*, whoſe Renown might ring throughout the whole World.

But fair *Urſula*, whoſe bright Eyes had entangled her Heart with Deſire of the Shooe-maker's Favour, deſpiſed all Proffers of Love, in regard of him. And yet notwithſtanding

ing she would check her Opinion, in placing her Love upon a Person of such low Degree; thus reasoning with her self:

Most aptly is the God of Love by cunning Painters drawn blind, that so unequally shoots forth his fiery Shafts; for had he Eyes to see, it were impossible to deal in such sort as in matching *Venus* with foul *Vulcan*; yoaking the Imperial Hearts of Kings to the Love of Beggars, as he did to *Cæsar*, and as now in my self: I find how mad a thing it would seem to the Eyes of the World, that an Emperor's Daughter should delight in the Favour of a simple Shooe-maker.

O *Ursula*, take heed what thou do'st, stain not thy Royalty with such Indignity. O that *Crispine*'s Birth were agreeable to his Person! for in mine Eye there is no Prince in the World comparable to him: If then while he is cloathed with these Rags of Servitude, he appears so Excellent, what would he be were he in Princely Attire? O *Crispine*! either thou art not as thou seemest, or else Nature, in Disgrace of Kings, hath made thee a Shooe-maker.

In these Humours would the Princess be often, especially at *Crispine*'s Approach, or at his Departure. For as soon as ever he came within her sight with Shooes, a sudden Blush, like a flash of Lightning, would strike in her Face, and at his Departure an earthly pale Colour, like the Beams of the bright Sun, obscured by coal-black Clouds. But after many weary Conflicts with Fancy, she fully resolved at his next coming to enter into Communication with him; but imagining his Stay from the Court over-long, on a sudden she sent presently for him, finding great Fault with the last Shooes he brought her; at which time *Crispine* most humbly on his Knee craved Pardon for all such Faults as she then found, promising Amendment in the next Shooes she would have.

Nay (*quoth she*) I'll shew thee, they are too low something in the Instep; also the Heel is bad, and beside, they are too strait in the Toes. You shall have a Pair made, shall fit you better, for none shall set a Stitch in them but my self: Do (*said the Princess*) but let me have them as soon as thou canst. And therewithal *Crispine* departed.

The Princess, all solitary in her Chamber, enter'd into Consideration, and found within her self great Trouble and Sorrow, while the Tongue (the Heart's Advocate) was not suffered to speak. At last she heard *Crispine*'s Voice, enquiring of the Ladies for the Princess: who answered, That having taken little Rest the Night before, she was laid down to sleep, and therefore they willed him to come again some other Time: Asleep (*said the Princess*) I am not asleep, bid him stay: What hasty Housewife was that which sent him hence? call him again quickly, I would advise you. And thereupon changing Melancholy into Mirth, she arose up out of her Bed, and as a bright Star shooting in the Element, she quickly got forth to meet the Shooemaker, whose fair sight was to her as great a Comfort as a Sunshine after a Shower of Rain. How now (*quoth she*) hast thou brought me a pair of Shooes? I have, gracious Madam (*quoth he.*) Then come thy self and draw them on. Then sitting down, she lifted up her well-proportion'd Leg upon his Gentle Knee; where by that time her Shooes were drawn on, she had prepared a good Reward for her Shooe-maker; and giving him a handful of Gold, she said, Thou hast so well pleas'd me in making these Shooes, that I cannot but reward thee in some good sort; therefore Shooemaker take this, and from henceforth let no Man make my Shooes but thy self. But tell me, *Crispine*, art thou not in Love, that thou dost snug up thy self so finely; thou wast not wont to go so neatly; I pray thee tell me what pretty Wench it is that is Mistress of thy Heart? Truly Madam, If I should not Love, I might be accounted barbarous; for by Natures Course, there is a mutual Love in all things, the Dove and the Peacock love entirely; so doth the Turtle and the Popinjay; the like Affection the Fish *Musculus* beareth to the Whale, insomuch, that he leadeth

leadeth him from all Danger of stony Rocks. And as amongst Birds and Fishes, so amongst Plants and Trees, the like Concord is to be found; for if the Male of Palm Trees be planted from the Female, neither of both prosper; and being set one near another, they flourish accordingly, embracing with Joy the Branches of one another. And for mine own Part, I am in love too; for first of all I love my Maker, and next my good Master and Dame; but as concerning the Love of pretty Wenches, verily Madam I am clear, and the rather do I abstain from fixing my Fancy on Women, seeing so many Sorrows follow the married sort; for a Dram of Delight hath a Pound of Pain.

That is (*said the Princess*) where Contention setteth the House on Fire, but where true Love remains, there is no Discontent; and what can a Man more desire for this World's Comfort, but a Virtuous Wife, which is a Treasure inestimable. Then *Crispine*, if I prefer thee to a Wife, every way deserving of thy Love, would'st thou take it well?

Truly, Madam (*said Crispine*) If I should not accept of your good Will, I should shew my self more unmannerly than well-natured. But seeing it pleaseth you to grace me with your Princely Countenance, and to give me Liberty to speak my Mind, this is my Opinion: If I were to chuse a Wife, then would I have one Fair, Rich and Wise: First to delight mine Eye; Secondly, to supply my Wants; and Thirdly, to govern my House.

Then (*said the Princess*) her Beauty will I refer unto the Judgment of thine own Eyes; and her Wisdom to the Tryal of Time; but as for her Portion, I dare make some Report, for it well deserveth to be praised; and at her Marriage thou shalt have a Bag of rare Virtues with her. Truly Madam (*quoth Crispine*) such Coin go not currant among Tanners; and I know if I should go with her to Market, it would buy me no Soal Leather: Notwithstanding, when I do see her, I will tell you more of my Mind.

The Princess taking him aside, privately walking with him in a fair Gallery, said: In looking upon me thou may'st judge of her, for she is as like me as may be. When *Crispine* heard her say so, he prudently answered: I had rather, Madam, she were your own self, than like your self: and although my Words savour of Presumption, yet with your Favour I dare boldly pronounce it, that I hold my self worthy of a Queen, if I could get her good Will; and were it no Danger to match with your Excellency, so it should please you, it should not dislike me.

Then said the Princess: Now Shoemaker I see thou hast some Courage in thee; and doubt thou not, but if I were of that Mind, I would be as ready to guide thee from the Rocks of my Father's Wrath, as the Fish called *Musculus* is for the Whale. But could'st thou be contented to die for a Lady's Love? No, Madam (*quoth he*) if I could keep her Love and live.

Then live fair Friend, *answered she*, enjoy my Love, for I will rather die than live without thee. *Crispine* hearing this, was stricken into an Extasie of Joy in such sort as he wist not whether he was asleep or dreamed: But by that time he had summoned his Wits together, with the plighting of his Faith, he opened his Estate and High Birth unto her, shewing all the Extremities he and his Brother had been put to, since the Death of their Royal Father, and of the Imprisonment of the Queen their Mother.

The which when fair *Ursula* with great wonder heard, giving an Earnest of her Love with a sweet Kiss, she said, My dear Love, and most gentle Prince, ever did I think that more than a common Man was shrouded in these poor Habilments, which made me the bolder to impart my Mind unto thee; and now dread no more my Father's Wrath, for the Fire thereof was long ago quenched.

No, no, (*quoth Crispine*) an Eagle's Thirst is never expell'd by Blood. And altho' your Father hath now (perhaps) qualified the Head of his Fury by the length of Time,

yet if he should understand of this my Love to thee, it would cause him to take out of the Ashes hot burning Coals of Displeasure again, and then might my Life pay a dear Price for thy Love.

Therefore (my dear *Ursula*) I desire thee, even by the Power of that Love thou beareſt to me, to keep secret what I have showed to thee, nothing doubting but that in time I may find Release of these Miseries; in the mean space we will be secretly married, by which Knot we (as well in Body as in Heart) may be inseparably tied together.

To this *Ursula* consented most gladly; and thereupon told him that she would meet him in her Father's Park at any Hour he would appoint. Which she might do the more easily, in respect she had a Key to one of the Garden Doors, which gave present Passage into the Park. The Day and Hour being concluded upon, they parted for this time, both of them endued with such Content, as in all their Lives they never found the like.

And at this time there was in *Canterbury* a blind Fryer that in many Years had never seen the Sun, to this Man did *Crispine* go, thinking him the fittest Chaplain to chop up such a Marriage, who meeting with him at *Christ-Church* one Evening after the Anthem, spake to him after this manner.

God speed you good Father; there is a certain Friend of mine that would be secretly married in the Morning betimes; for which Purpose he thinks you the fittest Man to perform it, in all the Cloyster; and therefore if you will be diligent to do it, and secret to conceal it, you shall have four Angels for your Pains.

The Fryar being fired with the desire of his Gold, rubbing his Elbow and scratching his Crown, swore by the Blessed Book that hung by his Knee, that he would be both willing and constant to keep it secret. Tush, young Man, you may trust me, I have done many of these Feats in my Days, I know that Youth are Youth, but they would not have all the World wonder at their Doings. And where shall it be, *said the Fryer?* *Quoth* Crispine, at S. *Gregory*'s Chapel; and because you shall not make your Boy acquainted therewith, I my self will call you in the Morning. Good Father be not forgetful to observe the Time, Two a Clock is the Hour, and therefore look you, be ready when I call you. I warrant you (*reply'd the Fryer*) and because I will not oversleep my self, I will for this Night lie in my Cloaths; so that as soon as ever you call, I will straight be ready. Then Father, I will trust to you (*quoth* Crispine;) and so departed.

When he came to his Master, he made not many Words; but as soon as he had supp'd on *Sunday* at Night, he went to his Chamber, and laid him down upon his Bed, making no Creature in the House privy to his Intent, not his own Brother; his Mind still running on his fair Mistress, and the happy Hour that will tie them both in one: never was there hunger-starved Man that did long more for the sweet Approach of wholesome Food, than did *Crispine* for Two a Clock. And so soon as the silent Night had drawn all things to rest, *Crispine* got him up, and to *Canterbury* goes he to meet his Rose-cheek'd Lady in her Father's Park; who also took Time by the Forelock, and like clear *Cynthia*, shaped her Course to seek out *Sol* in the Meridian: But so soon as her searching Eye had espied him, she commended his Vigilancy, saying, He well observed his Hour: O my Dear, (*quoth he*) rich Pearls do make true Men Thieves: But finding thee here so happily, I will fetch the Fryer straight. He had no sooner called at the Fryer's Door, but he presently heard him, and groping the way down, he opened the Door, and along they went together; but the Fryer finding his Journey longer than he expected, said, That either S. *Gregory*'s Chapel was removed, or else he was not so good a Footman as he was wont to be. That is likely enough (said *Crispine*) for how much the Older you are since you went this way last, so much the Weaker you are to Travel; but be you content now, we are at the last come to the Place,

and

and therefore good Fryer, make what Speed you may: I warrant you (quoth he;) and therewithal he puts his Spectacles upon his Nose. The fair Princess seeing that, laughed heartily, saying, Little need hath a blind Man of a pair of Spectacles. Truly Mistress (*said he*) as little need hath an old Man of a young Wife; but you may see what Use is: Though I be blind, and cannot see a Letter, yet I cannot say Mass without my Book and Spectacles. And then he proceeded to solemnize their Marriage; which being finished, the Fryar had his Gold, and home he was led: In the mean Time the Princess staid still in the Park for her Bridegroom; where, when he came, on a Bank of sweet Primroses he pluckt the Rose of amorous Delight; and after the Princess came to her Father's Palace, and *Crispine* to his Master's Shop.

CHAP. VII.

How Crispianus *was prest to the Wars, and how he fought with* Iphicratis *the renowned General of the* Persians, *who made War upon the Frenchmen: Shewing also the Occasion, That a Shoomaker's Son is said to be a Prince born.*

IN the mean Time that *Crispine* was secretly busied about his Marriage, his Brother *Crispianus* the same Night with many others, was prest to the Wars into the Country of *Gaul*, now called *France*; which made his Master and Dame full of Woe, who had committed to his Government the whole Rule of his House; and when *Crispine* came home, they told him what Chance had happened, and demanded where he had been; they said, they were glad he had so well escaped.

Crispine excusing himself as well as he could, said: He was sorry for his Brother's sudden Departure. Notwithstanding the Joy of his late Marriage mitigated much of his Sorrow; to whom in his Brother's Absence, his Master gave the Oversight of his Household; which Place he guided with such Discretion, as thereby he got both the good Will of his Master, and the Love of the Household; and as he sat one Day at his Work, he sung this Song in Commendation of his Marriage; himself singing the Ditty, and his Fellows bore the Burthen.

Amongst

Amongſt the Joys on Earth, the little Joy there be,
hey down, down a down, fine is the ſilken Twiſt;
Among the married ſort much Comfort I do ſee,
hey down, down a down, believe it they that liſt:
He that is a married Man, hath Beauty to embrace,
hey down, down a down, and therefore muckle woe;
He liveth in Delight, and is in happy Caſe:
hey down, down a down, in faith we think not ſo.
His Wife doth dreſs his Meat, with every thing moſt meet,
hey down, down a down, fair Women love good Cheer;
And when he comes to Bed, ſhe gives him Kiſſes ſweet,
hey down, down a down, for thanks he pays full dear.
A hundred Honey ſweets he hath when that is done,
hey down, down a down, the Truth is ſeldom known:
He hath in little Time, a Daughter or a Son,
hey down, down a down, God grant it be their own.
A Wife is evermore both Faithful, True and Juſt,
hey down, down a down, 'tis more than you do know:
Her Husband may be ſure in her to put his truſt;
hey down, down a down, moſt are deceived ſo:
While he doth ride abroad, ſhe looks unto his Houſe,
hey down, down a down, the fineſt Cloth is torn;
And when he comes home, ſhe gives him Brawn and Sowſe,
hey down, down a down, and oftentimes the Horn.

How now, what is that you ſay (*quoth* Criſpine?) Nothing (*quoth they*) but only bear the Burthen of your Song; and ſurely, we think it great Pity that you are not married, ſeeing you can ſing ſo well in the praiſe of Marriage: Truly (*quoth he*) were it not for that holy Inſtitution, what would the World be, but a Brood of hapleſs Baſtards, like to the curſed Seed of *Cain*, Men fit for all manner of Villany, and ſuch as would leave behind them a Race of Runnagade Perſons, that would live as badly as they are lewdly begotten.

The reſt of the Journey-men hearing him enter into ſuch deep Diſcourſe in the Matter, began therefore to demand many Queſtions; but ſeeing it appertained not to our Matter, we will leave them to their Diſputation, and in the mean ſpace will ſhew you ſomething of *Criſpianus*, who is now in *France* with many noble Britains, whom *Maximinus* ſent thither to aid the Gauls againſt the mighty Force of *Ipbicratis*, the Perſian General, that at this time invaded their Country with a mighty Power. The Day of Battle being appointed, the Armies met in the Field, at which Time both the Generals (like two Lions filled with Wrath) in their proud March viewed one another, breathing forth on both ſides Words of Diſdain, and thus the General of the Gauls began.

Thou inſulting Commander of the Eaſtern Troops, how durſt thou ſet thy ambitious Foot within our Territories? cannot the Confines of *Perſia* content thee, nor thoſe Conqueted Kingdoms already in thy Hand, but with unſatiable Deſire thou muſt come to uſurp our Right? Know thou, that the undaunted Gauls do ſcorn thee; for albeit that *Alexander* like, thou ſeekeſt to ſubdue the whole World, flattering thy ſelf in thy Fortune; yet never think that the Son of a Shooe-maker ſhall bend our Neck to a Servile Yoak. Therefore in our juſt Right, we are come to give thee Hire for thy Pride; and by the Force of our Swords to beat down the Scepter of thy proud Thoughts.

The

The renowned *Ipbicratis* upon theſe Words made this Reply: Now may I report that the Gauls can do ſomething, finding them ſo good Scolds; but know this, That I come not to rail, but to revenge theſe contemptuous Speeches, and with the Point of our ſturdy Lances to thruſt them down your Throats again; indeed, my Father's Trade is a Reproach to me, but thou art a Reproach to thy Father; but thou ſhalt underſtand that *A Shooemaker's Son is a Prince Born*; his Fortune made him ſo, and thou ſhalt find no leſs. Hereupon the Trumpets ſounding a Charge, and the Drums beating alarm, there follow'd a ſore and terrible Fight, wherein *Criſpianus* (like a ſecond *Hector*) laid about him, hewing down his Foes on every ſide, whoſe Valiancy and Princely Courage was noted of all the Gauls, and this fierce Fight ending with the Night's approach, each Army took their reſt; at what Time the noble General of the Gauls ſent for *Criſpianus*, and received him with many kind Embraces in his Tent; he demanded of what Birth he was? To whom *Criſpianus* ſhaped this Anſwer: Moſt worthy General, my Birth is not mean, and my Secrets leſs, but by Trade I am a Shooe-maker in *England*.

A Shooe-maker! (*ſaid the General*) if ſuch Fame wait upon Shooe-makers, and ſuch Magnanimity follow them, well were it for us if all the People in the Kingdom were Shooemakers: And as great Thanks am I to give to *Maximinus*, for ſending me ſuch a Soldier, as he may be proud to have ſuch a Subject; and now right ſorry am I, that ever I reproached *Ipbicratis* with his Father's Trade, ſeeing I find it true, That Magnanimity and Knightly Proweſs, is not always tied within the Compaſs of Noble Blood; and for my own Part, I will ſo honourably requite thy Deſervings, that thou ſhalt bleſs the Time that ever thou cameſt into theſe Wars.

The next Morning the Generals joined Battle again, reſolving in this Fight, either by Death or Victory, to make an end of theſe Troubles; where the Soldiers on each ſide ſtrove for the Golden Wreath of Renown. The two Generals meeting in the Battel, fought couragiouſly together, in which bloody Conflict the Prince of the Gauls was thrice by *Ipbicratis* unhorſed, and as many times of *Criſpianus* mounted again; but in the end, the great Commander of the Eaſtern Army ſo mightily prevailed, that he had ſeiz'd on the Perſon of the French Prince, and was carrying him Captive to his Colours.

But ſo highly was *Criſpianus* favoured of Fortune, that he and his Fellows met him in the Pride of his Conqueſt, who then all beſmear'd in the Perſian Blood, ſet upon *Ipbicratis*, and ſo manfully behaved himſelf, that he recovered the Prince again, and in deſpite of the Perſians brought him to his Royal Tent; in which Encounter the noble *Ipbicratis* was ſore wounded, by reaſon whereof the Soldiers had reſt for three or four Days; in which ſpace *Ipbicratis* ſent to the Prince of the Gauls, to know what Knight he was, that in ſuch valiant ſort had reſcued him out of his Hands; ſaying, That if he could ſerve him, he would make him Ruler of a mighty Kingdom.

The French King ſent him Word, That it was a right hardy *Britain*, which had performed that honourable Service, but no Knight, though well deſerving a greater Dignity; but a Shooemaker in *England*: And thus (*quoth he*) a Shoemaker's Son was by a Shooemaker foiled.

When *Ipbicratis* underſtood this, he ſent Word again to the Gauls, That for the Favour of that worthy Man, he would not only ceaſe the Wars, but for ever after be a Friend to the Gauls; which joyful Meſſage, when the French King underſtood, he moſt willingly embraced the unlooked for Tydings of a happy Peace; and thereupon made *Criſpianus* a Knight.

After the which, was a great Feaſt ordained, whereunto the renowned *Ipbicratis* was invited, and the two Generals with *Criſpianus*, friendly met together. Thus the ſower

War

Wars were ended with ſweet feaſting; and *Ipbicrates* ſoon after departed out of the Country with his Army, and never after annoyed them.

Then the French King writing his Letters of Thanks unto the Emperor *Maximinus*, did therein certifie him of the princely Acts of *Criſpianus*, whereby he was brought into the Emperor's Favour; and with theſe Letters *Criſpianus* returned into *England*.

CHAP. VIII.

How the Lady Urſula *finding her ſelf to be with Child, made great Moan unto her Husband* Criſpine; *and how he provided for her a ſecret Place where ſhe was delivered.*

IN the mean Time the Lady *Urſula* finding her ſelf to be with Child, and her unknown Husband coming one Day with Shooes unto her, ſhe made her Moan unto him; ſaying, O *Criſpine*, how ſhall we do? the Time of my Sorrow and Shame draweth on, I feel that living in my Womb which I fear will bring Death upon us all. Why, my dear Lady, (*anſwered he*) art thou with Child? Keep thy Chamber cloſe, and wittily excuſe thy Grief, until I have found Means to procure our Safety.

But doſt thou mean faithfully? (*ſaid ſhe*) wilt thou not deceive me, and for fear of my Father's Wrath fly the Country? If thou ſhouldeſt do ſo, then were I the wretcheſt Lady alive; forſake me not ſweet *Criſpine*, whatſoever thou doſt, but take me with thee whereſoever thou goeſt; it is not my Father's Frowns I regard, ſo I may have thy Favour; I care not for a Princely Palace, an homely Cottage ſhall content me. O my Love, I will rather ſpin Hemp for thy Shop-thread, than live without thee in the greateſt Pleaſure.

I will not leave thee my dear Love (*quoth he*) by that Faith I vow, which I plighted to thee at our bleſſed Marriage, and therefore be contented, and it ſhall not be long before I return. Leaving thus his ſad Lady, he came home, and ſecretly broke the Matter unto his Dame, deſiring her Counſel in this his Extremity.

What, how now! (*quoth ſhe*) haſt thou got a Maid with Child! Ah thou whoreſon Villain, thou haſt undone thy ſelf how wilt thou do now? thou haſt made a fair hand, here is now ſixteen Pence a Week, beſide Soap and Candles, Beds, Shirts, Biggens, Waſtcoats, Head-Bands, Swaddle-Bands, Croſs-Cloaths, Bibs, Tail-Clouts, Mantles, Hoſe, Shooes, Coats, Pettycoats, Cradle and Crickets, and beſides that a Standing-Stool, and a Poſnet to make the Child Pap; and all this is come upon thee, beſides the charge of her Lying in: Oh *Criſpine! Criſpine!* I am heartily ſorry for thee. But in good faith, if I knew the Queen that hath brought thee to this Folly, I would have her by the Face, I ſwear to you; for altho' I ſpeak it before thee (*Criſpine*) thou art a proper Fellow, and thou mighteſt have done ſu-

well if thou hadst had Grace, God hath done his part on thee; and with that she began with kindness to weep: whereupon her Husband coming in, asked what she ailed? O Man (said she) *Crispine!* Why, what of *Crispine*? tell me; why speakest thou not? We shall lose a good Servant, so we shall. What Servant shall we lose, foolish Woman *quoth he*) tell me quickly? O Husband! by Cock and Pye I swear I'll have her by the Nose. Who wilt thou have by the Nose? what the Devil art thou mad that thou wilt not answer me?

Crispine, who at his Master's coming in, shunned the Room, lending an Ear unto these Words, went unto his Master, and said unto him; Sir, these Four Years have I served you, and the Fifth draweth near unto an end, and as I have found you a good Master to me, so I trust you have had no great Cause to complain of me, tho' through Ignorance, I have sometimes made Offence; and knowing at this Instant no Man so near a Friend unto me as your self, I thought good to impart my secret Counsel to you; something I presumed upon my good Dame's Favour, which made me open that unto her which now I wish I had not discovered; notwithstanding, resting more upon her Discretion than her Secresie, I would desire your Counsel in a Matter that concerns me very near. Verily, *said his Master*, if it be a thing wherein I may do thee good, thou shalt find that I will not fall from thee in thy Sorrows, and therefore be not abashed to declare thy Mind; for I swear, if I may procure thee right, thou shalt put up no wrong. Why then, Sir, thus it is (*quoth he*): My Will running before my Wit, I have gotten a Maid with Child, and I know not in this Case what to do, that I might preserve the Maid from Shame, and my self from Discredit. Besides, I doubt if it be known it will cost me my Life; therefore, in such a Case, good Master be secret. Tush Man, fear not, it is a Matter of nothing; but I pray thee now tell me what wanton VVagtail it is thou hast clapp'd under the Apron? O Master (*quoth he*) the King's fair Daughter is my Love, and she it is that lives in Care for my sake. Passion, on my Heart! thou whoreson Knave, *quoth his Master*, thou art a dead Man; I marvel how thou camest to be so bold with her; surely thou hast drawn on her Shooes *on Sunday*, I may say, thou hast left so good a Token behind thee; but in truth my Boy I commend thee, that thou would'st shoot at the Fairest. Yea, Sir, quoth *Crispine*, and I have hit the mark I trow, and I do very believe that none will shoot so near again. Nay, swear not, *said his Master*, many may aim at a fair Mark, and more than one Man hits it now and then: But what would'st thou have me to do in this Case? My good Master, the Truth is, she is my Wife, and the very same Night my Brother was prest to the VVars, I was married to her; and if you could tell me how she might be delivered of her Burthen without Suspicion, I should not only remain beholden to you, but would also gratify your Kindness in such sort as would content you.

His Dame all this while listened to their Talk, and when she understood that she spake of the King's Daughter, and that he had married her, she said: Now God's Blessing on thy Heart, *Crispine*, that thou art so careful for thy VVife; But it maketh me wonder that she should marry a Shoemaker, and a poor Fellow too. Master and Dame (quoth *Crispine*) seeing I have begun, I'll shew another Matter, as strange as the other. The Necessity of these Times makes many noble Personages to mask in this Habit, as *Jupiter* did in Shepherds weeds; and the truth is, the Lady *Ursula* is not ignorant, that by matching with me, she hath wedded a Prince; and you may say, that these Five Years two Princes have served you obediently, under the simple borrowed Names of *Crispine* and *Crispianus*. Our Royal Father was slain by the Emperor *Maximinus*, and the Queen our Mother yet lies imprisoned; and your poor House and these Leather Garments have been our Life of Defence against the Blood-thirsty Tyrant. Now you see that though there was Hate towards us in the Father, yet there is Love yielded us by the Daughter. This must be kept for a certain Time from the Knowledge of him, lest our Lives pay a dear Ransom for our Loves. VVell *Crispine* (quoth his

Dame) be of good cheer, for I have a Device in my Head how to get thy Love out of her Father's Palace, that she may be brought to Bed in mine own House, without either hurt to thee or dishonour to her, if thou wilt do as I wish thee: When you perceive that she grows near unto the Time of her Travail, I would wish you to work such Means, as to set a Tree on fire late in the Night, that standeth somewhat near one of the Beacons upon the Sea-Coast, whereby it will follow, that such Watch-men that watch upon our Beacons, supposing the Beacons on the Sea-Coast to be on Fire, will set theirs on fire also. Then will there be a great Hurly-burly, with the Preparation of Men at Arms on all sides, to withstand the supposed Foe, the which they shall never find: then (as you know) *Maximinus* with his Houshold will be in most fear, because he is most hated; that whilst he is abroad, the rest of his Houshold will every one of them seek for their own Safeguard, amongst the which, let fair *Ursula* be one, who by that Means singling her self alone, may take up my House, and here she may be closely kept till she be delivered, taking upon her the Name and Habit of a simple Woman. But the Truth of this Matter (quoth *Crispine*) I doubt will be soon perceived and found, then how shall Lady *Ursula* do, for she will strait be missed? Tush, that is no matter (*quoth his Dame*) and missed let her be, until such time she is in better Case to go abroad again: So in such a Tumult as then will be, they will suppose many Things, that one Mischance or other is befallen her; or if she be in Health, that she hath wandred into the Woods, or some other uncouth place, where she might best provide for her Safety, and when she comes home again, I warrant thee *Crispine*, she shall be welcome. Then said his Master, I like my Wife's Counsel well, therefore by my Consent put it in Practice; whereunto *Crispine* consented; and making the Lady privy to the Purpose, at length it was put in Execution; at which there was crying out on all sides, *Arm, Arm, Arm*, our Enemies are coming upon us, Where? quoth they, At *Rucupium*, said one; at *Arugagus* Castle, said another; quoth the third, it is at *Doris*, I tell you (quoth the fourth) it is at *Deur*; and all this while it is but at *Dover* (said the fifth man) and at *Dover* it is undoubtedly; therefore haste, haste away, for never was more need: So that *Maximinus* was almost at his Wits end, as one not knowing which way to turn, the Cries of the People came so thick one after another; the Waiting-Gentlewomen left the Princess and sought for their own Safety: Thus while some were busie in carrying out the King's Treasure, others hiding the Plate, and others the Goods, *Ursula* had an easie Passage into the Shoomaker's House.

The young Prince *Crispine* was gone with the rest of the Town towards *Dover*, where when they came, there was nothing to do; which when *Maximinus* saw, he was not a little glad the Wars were so soon ended; but when he came to the Court, and missed his Daughter, there was posting up and down in every place to seek her; but all in vain, for no man could meet with her, for which he made great Lamentation, making a Proclamation throughout the whole Country, That whosoever could bring her to him, he should not only have a Princely Reward, but also, if he were a Man of Noble Blood, he should be honoured with the Marriage of his fair Daughter.

This was good News to *Crispine*, who was not to learn to make Profit thereof: But by that time the Lady was Light, *Crispianus* his eldest Brother was arrived in *England* with great Honour, as before you have heard. And before he went to the Court, he thought it good to visit his old Master, who came also in good time to the Christening of his Brother's Child; which when he with wonder beheld, noting what a strange Accident there was, That *Maximinus*'s Daughter should be his Brother's Wife: But after that he had in Princely manner saluted the new-delivered Lady, taking the Infant in his Arms, he kissed it, saying, Now will I say and swear (*quoth he*) That a Shoomaker's Son is a Prince born; joyning in the Opinion of *Ipbicrate*; and henceforth Shoomakers shall never let their Term die.

Then

Then turning to his Master and Dame, he said: How much, dear Master and Dame, are we bound to your Favours, that have maintained our Honours with our Happiness? For by this means I hope we shall make a joyful Conclusion of our sorrowful Beginning, and I will so work, that the Emperor shall confirm what is already begun; I mean the Honour due to these Princely Lovers, and together with our happy Fortunes, procure our Mother's Liberty.

Hereupon, within a short time after, he made Preparation to go to the Court, he attired himself in a Princely manner, and with a most Knightly Grace he delivered to *Maximinus* the King of *Gaul*'s Letter; where he certified the Emperor of the Honourable Deeds performed by *Crispianus*; whereupon he received him to great Favour, and said unto him: Right Renowned Knight, for the great Honour thou hast done me in *France*, I will honour thee with any thing thou shalt Command, that standeth with the Majesty and Credit of an Emperor to give. Then I beseech your Highness (*quoth he*) to grant me the Life and Liberty of my Mother, the late Queen of *Logria*. Art thou her Son? said *Maximinus*. Although thy Father was my Foe, yet must I needs say he was a most Couragious and Warlike Prince; thy Suit is granted: And once I had a Daughter was worthy of thy Love, but unconstant Fortune hath bereft me of that Bliss: But had it pleased the fair Heavens to have left her to me this Day, I would have made thee more honourable by her Match; but seeing my wishing doth nothing profit thee, take hence the richest Jewel that I have, and be thou next my self in Authority. With that he took from his own Neck a Collar of precious Diamonds, and gave it to *Crispianus*, saying, Be thou as Fortunate as *Polycrates*.

CHAP. IX.

How Fair Ursula *came before her Father with* Crispine *her Husband, who was joyfully received by him, and in the end had his good Will to confirm the Marriage betwixt them: Whereupon there was great Joy on both sides, and the Shoemakers in Honour of this happy Day, make a joyful Song.*

WITHIN a certain Space after, Word was brought to the Emperor, that his Daughter was with a Shoemaker come to the Court, whereat *Maximinus* was stricken into a sudden Joy, saying, An honourable Shoemaker may he be that hath brought me my fair Daughter again: Welcome my sweet *Ursula*, and in good time welcome to thy Father, and welcome also is this happy young Man that hath so fortunately brought thee; and turning to *Crispianus*, he said: Noble Sir Knight, take here my Daughter to Wife. Not so, dear Father (*quoth she*) this Man hath best deserved my Love, that hath preserved my Life, and his Wife will I be. Why *Ursula*, (*said her Father*) wilt thou darken the Sun-shine of my Joy with

Clouds of foul Obstinacy, and yoak thy self so unequally? This Man is a Prince: And this Man's Son is another (*quoth she*) That is strange (said the Emperor); Can that Child be a Prince, whose Father is but a Shoomaker?

Then answered *Ursula*; My Royal Father, a Shoomaker's Son is a Prince born. Most gracious Lord (*quoth* Crispianus) the very like Sentence did I hear the renowned *Ipbicratis* pronounce to the King of the *Gauls*, when he upbraided him of his Birth. With that *Crispine*'s Dame presented the Child to the Emperor, and fair *Ursula* was very diligent to uncover the Child's Face, and held it to her Father. Why, Daughter (*quoth he*) art thou not ashamed to Honour this base-born Brat so much? Hence with the Elf; and therewithal push'd it from him; whereat his Daughter's Tears trickled down her Cheeks, and so kissing the Child, gave it again to the Woman. What (said *Maximinus*) dost thou love the Child so well that thou must kiss it, and weep for it? I have Cause, dear Father (*quoth she*) for that this Child's Mother lay in my Mother's Belly.

At these Words the Emperor suspecting something, demanded of *Crispine* of what Parentage he was, and then knowing he was *Crispianus*'s Brother, all the Controversie was ended, and their secret Marriage confirmed openly with great Joy and Triumph; at which time the Shoomakers in the same Town made Holiday, to whom *Crispine* and *Crispianus* sent most Princely Gifts to maintain their Merriment: and ever after, upon that Day at Night, the Shoomakers make great Chear and Feasting, in Remembrance of these two Princely Brethren; and because it might not be forgotten, they caused their Names to be placed in the Kalender for yearly Remembrance, which you shall find in the Month of *October*, three Days before the Feast of *Simon* and *Jude*.

The Shoomakers SONG on *Crispianus*'s Night.

TWO Princely Brethren once there were, right Sons unto a King,
Whose Father, Tyrant Maximinus *to cruel Death did bring;*
Crispianus *one was call'd, the eldest of the Two,*
Crispine *was the other's Name, who well had learn'd to woo.*
These Brethren then were after fain from Father's House to fly,
Because their Foes to take their Lives in privy wait did lye;
Into a kind Shoomaker's House they suddenly stept in,
And there to learn the Gentle-Craft *did presently begin,*
And Five Years space they lived so, with great content of Mind,
So that the Tyrant could not tell whereas he should them find:
Tho' every Day to Court they came with Shoes for Ladies Feet,
They were not known by their Attire, they us'd themselves so meet.
At length unto the furious Wars was Crispianus *prest,*
Whereas his Knightly Prowess then he try'd above the rest:
But Crispine *found him better sport, would I had* Crispine *been,*
The King's fair Daughter lov'd him well, as it was after seen:
The length of this Fair Lady's Foot so well did Crispine *know,*
That none but he could please her Mind, the certain Truth is so;
Came he by Night or else by Day, he was most welcome still,
With Kisses sweet she did him pay, and Thanks for his good Will:
So oft these Lovers twain did meet by Day and eke by Night,
That at the last the Lady said, she should be shamed quite:
What was the Matter, tell me true, that thus her Sorrow bred?
Her Shoomaker most daintily, had got her Maidenhead.

But

But at the length so wisely wrought, as doth the Story tell,
Her Father's right good Will he got, and every thing was well:
And Crispianus *came again from Wars Victoriously,*
Then Shoemakers make Holiday, and therefore so will I;
And now for Crispianus's *sake, this Wine I drink to thee,*
And he that doth his Mark mistake, and will not now pledge me,
He is not Crispianus's *Friend, or worthy well I wot,*
To have a Lady to his Love, as Crispine *he hath got.*

CHAP. X.

How Sir Simon Eyre *being at first a Shoemaker, became in the end Lord Mayor of* London, *through the Counsel of his Wife; and how he broke his Fast every day on a Table that he said he would not sell for a Thousand Pounds; and how he builded* Leaden-Hall.

OUR English Chronicles do make mention, that some time there was in the Honourable City of *London*, a worthy Mayor, known by the Name of Sir *Simon Eyre*, whose Fame liveth in the Mouth of many Men to this Day, who altho' he descended from mean Parentage, yet by God's Blessing, in the end he came to be a most worthy man in the Common-Wealth.

This Man being brought young out of the North-Country, was bound 'Prentice to a Shoemaker, bearing then the Name of the *Gentle-Craft* (as still it doth) his Master being a man of a reasonable Wealth, set many Journey-men and 'Prentices to work, who followed their Business with a great Delight, which quite excludeth all Weariness; for when Servants do sit at their Work like Dromedaries, then their Minds are never lightly on their Business; for it is an old Proverb,

They prove Servants kind and good,
That sing at their Business like Birds in a Wood.

Such Fellows had this young Lad, who was not behind with many Northern Jigs, to answer their Southern Songs: This Youth being the youngest 'Prentice in the House, as occasion served, was often sent to the Conduit for Water, whereby in a short time he fell acquainted with many other 'Prentices, coming thither for the same Intent.

Now their Custom was, that every Sunday Morning divers of these 'Prentices did use to go to a place near the Conduit to break their Fast with Pudding-pies; and often they would take *Simon* along with them; but upon a Time it fell out, that when he should draw Money to pay the Shot with the rest, that he had none; whereupon he merrily said unto them,

My

My faithful Friends, and Conduit-Companions, Treaſurers of the Water-Tankard, and main Pillars of the Pudding-Houſe; I may now compare my Purſe to a barren Doe, that yields the Keeper no more good than an empty Carcaſe; or to a bad Nut, which being opened hath never a Kernel: Therefore, if it pleaſe you to pardon me at this time, and excuſe me for my Part of the ſhot, I do here vow unto you that if ever I come to be Lord-Mayor of the City, I will give a Breakfaſt to all the Apprentices in *London*. We do take your Word (*quoth they*;) and ſo they departed.

It came to paſs, that *Simon* having at length worn out the Time of his Apprenticeſhip, that he fell in Love with a Maiden that was near Neighbour unto him, unto whom at length he was married, and got him a Shop, and laboured hard daily, and his young Wife was never idle, but ſtrait when ſhe had nothing to do, ſhe ſat in the Shop and Spun; and having lived thus alone a Year or thereabouts, and having gathered ſomething together, at length he got him ſome Prentices and a Journey-man or two, and he could not make his Ware ſo faſt as he could have ſold it, ſo that he ſtood in great need of a Journey-man or two more.

At laſt one of his Servants eſpying one go along the Street with a Fardle at his Back, called to his Maſter, ſaying, Sir, Yonder goes S. *Hugh*'s Bones Twenty Pound to a Penny: Run preſently (*quoth he*) and fetch him hither: The Boy running forth, called to the Man, ſaying: Good Fellow, come hither, here is one would ſpeak with you. The Fellow being a *French-man* that had not long been in *England*, turning about, ſaid, Hea, what you ſea, will you ſpeak wid me? Hea, what you have? Tell me what you have, hea; and with that, coming to the Stall, the good Man asked him if he lack'd Work: We per may Foy, quoth the *French-man*; hereupon *Simon* took him in, and to work he went merrily, where he behaved himſelf ſo well, that his Maſter made a good Account of him, thinking he had been a Batchelor, but in the end it was found otherwiſe.

This Man was the firſt that wrought upon the low cut Shoe, with the ſquare Toe, and the Latchet overthwart the Inſtep; before which time in *England* they did wear a high Shooe that reached above the Ankles, right after the manner of our Husbandmen's Shooes at this day: ſave only that it was made very ſharp at the Toe, turning up like the Tail of an Iſland Dog, or as you ſee a Cock carry his hind Feathers.

Now it is to be remembred, that while *John Denevale* dwelt with *Simon Eyre*, it chanced that a Ship of the Iſle of *Candy* was driven upon our Coaſt, laden with all kind of Lawns and Cambricks, and other Linen-Cloth, which Commodities at that time were in *London* very ſcant and exceeding dear; and by reaſon of a great Leak the Ship had gotten at Sea, being unable to ſail any farther, he would make what Profit he could of his Goods here.

And being come to *London*, it was *John Denevale*'s Chance to meet him in the Street, of whom the Merchant in the Greek Tongue demanded where he might have a Lodging; for he was one that had never been in *England* before, and being unacquainted, knew not whither to go; but while he ſpake Greek, *John Denevale* anſwered him ſtill in French, which Tongue the Merchant underſtood well: and therefore being glad that he had met with one that could talk with him, he declared unto him what Tempeſts he endured at Sea, and alſo how his Ship lay upon the Coaſt with ſuch Commodities as he would ſell: Truly Sir (*quoth* John) I am my ſelf but a Stranger in this Country, and utterly unacquainted with Merchants, but I dwell with one in the City, that is a very honeſt Man, and it may be that he can help you to ſome that will deal with you for it, and if you think it good, I will move him with it, and in the mean ſpace I'll bring you where you may have a very good Lodging, and to morrow Morning I will come to you again.

Sir, (*ſaid the Merchant*,) if you pleaſe to do me that Favour, I will not only be thankful unto you for the ſame, but will content you for your Pains; and with that they departed.

Now

Now as ſoon as *John* the Frenchman came home, he moved the Matter unto his Maſter, deſiring him that he would do what he could for the Merchant. When his Maſter had heard each Circumſtance, noting therewith the want of ſuch Commodities in the Land, he caſt his mind as he ſtood cutting out his Work, what was the beſt to be done in this Caſe, ſaying to his Man *John*, I will think upon it betwixt this and the Morning, and then I will tell you my Mind; and therewithal caſting down his Cutting-Knife, he went out of his Shop into his Chamber, and therein walking up and down alone very ſadly, ruminating thereon; he was ſo far in his Muſe, that his Wife ſending for him to Supper two or three times, he nothing regarded the Maid's Call, hammering this matter in his Head; at laſt his Wife came to him, ſaying, Husband, what mean you that you do not come to Supper? Why ſpeak you not Man? Hear you? Good Husband come away, your Meat will be cold: But for all her Words, he ſtayed walking up and down ſtill, like a Man that had ſent his Wits a Wool-gathering; which his Wife ſeeing, pulled him by the Sleeve, ſaying, Why Husband, in the Name of God, why come you not? Will you not come to Supper to Night, I call'd you a good while ago. Body of me, Wife, I promiſe thee I did not hear thee: No Faith, it ſeemeth ſo (*quoth ſhe*) I marvel whereupon your Mind runneth; believe me Wife (*quoth he*) I was ſtudying how to make my ſelf Lord-Mayor, and thee a Lady.

Now God help you (*quoth ſhe*) I pray God make us able to pay every Man his own, that we may live out of Debt and Danger, and drive the Wolf from the Door, and I deſire no more. But Wife (*ſaid he*) I pray thee now tell me, doſt not thou think that thou could'ſt make a ſhift to bear the Name of a Lady if it be put upon thee? In Truth, Husband (*quoth ſhe*) I'll not diſſemble with you, if your Wealth were able to bear it, my Mind will bear it well enough. Well Wife, *replyed he*, I tell thee now in Sadneſs, That if I had Money, there is a Commodity now to be bought, the Gains whereof would be able to make thee a Gentlewoman for ever. Alas, Husband, that Dignity your Trade allows you already, being a 'Squire of the *Gentle-Craft*, then how can you be leſs than a Gentleman, ſeeing your Son is a Prince born: Tuſh Wife, *quoth he*, thoſe Titles do only reſt in Name, but not in Nature; but of that ſort I had rather be, whoſe Lands are anſwerable to their Virtues, and whoſe Rents can maintain the Greatneſs of their Mind. Then ſweet Husband, tell me, *ſaid his Wife*, what Commodity is that which you might get ſo much by? I am ſure your ſelf hath ſome Money, and it ſhall go very hard but I will procure Friends to borrow one Forty Shillings; and beſides that, rather than you ſhall loſe ſo good a Bargain, I have a Couple of Crowns that ſaw no Sun ſince we were firſt married, and them alſo ſhall you have. Alas, Wife! (*ſaid* Simon) all this comes not near the matter, I confeſs it would do ſome good in buying ſome Backs of Leather, but in this thing 'tis nothing, for this is Merchandize that is precious at this Time, and rare to be had; and I hear that whoſoever will have it, muſt lay down Three Thouſand Pounds ready Money: Yea Wife; and yet thereby he might get Three and Three Thouſand Pounds profit.

His Wife hearing him ſay ſo, was inflamed with the Deſire thereof, as Women are for the moſt part very Covetous: That matter running ſtill in her mind, ſhe could ſcarce find in her Heart to ſpare him time to go to Supper, for very Eagerneſs to animate him on to take that Bargain upon him; wherefore, ſo ſoon as they had ſupped and given God Thanks, ſhe called her Husband, ſaying: I pray you come hither, I would ſpeak a word with you: That Man is not always to be blamed, that ſometimes takes Counſel of his VVife, tho' VVomens VVits are not able to comprehend the greateſt Things, yet in doubtful matters they oft help on a ſudden.

VVell VVife, what mean you by this (*ſaid her Husband?*) In truth (*quoth ſhe*) I would have you to pluck up a Man's Heart, and ſpeedily chop up a Bargain for theſe Goods you ſpeak of. VVho I (*quoth he?*) which way ſhould I do it, that am not able for three Thou-

ſand

ſand Pounds to lay down three Thouſand Pence? Tuſh man (*quoth ſhe*) what of that? Every man that beholds a man in the Face, knows not what he has in his Purſe; and whoſoever he be that owns the Goods, he will (no doubt) be content to ſtay a month for his Money, or three VVeeks at leaſt; and I promiſe you, to pay a Thouſand Pound a VVeek is a pretty round Payment, and I may ſay to you, not much to be miſliked of.

Now Husband, I would have you in the Morning with *John* the Frenchman go to the Grecian Merchant, and with good Diſcretion drive a ſound Bargain with him for the whole Freight of the Ship, and thereupon give him half a dozen Angels in Earneſt, and eight and twenty Days after the Delivery of the Goods, Condition to deliver him the reſt of the Money. But VVoman (*quoth he*) doſt thou imagine that he will take my word upon ſo weighty a Sum of Money, and to deliver his Goods upon no better Security?

Good Lord (*quoth ſhe!*) have you not VVit in ſuch a Caſe to make Shift? I'll tell you what you ſhall do; Be not known that you bargain for your own ſelf, but tell him that you do it in the Behalf of one of the chief Aldermen of the City; but beware in any Caſe that you leave with him your Name in Writing, he being a Grecian, cannot read Engliſh, and you have no need at all to ſhew *John* the Frenchman, or if you ſhould, it were no Matter; for you can tell well enough that he can neither read nor write.

I perceive, Wife (*quoth he*) thou wouldſt fain be a Lady, and worthy thou art to be one that doſt thus employ thy Wits to bring thy Husband Profit; but tell me, if he ſhould be deſirous to ſee the Alderman to confer with him, how ſhall we do then? Jeſus have Mercy upon me; (*quoth ſhe*) you ſay Women are Fools, but to me it ſeemeth Men have need to be taught ſometimes; before you come away in the Morning, let *John* the Frenchman tell him that the Alderman himſelf ſhall come to his Lodging in the Afternoon, and receiving a Note of all the Goods that be in the Ship, he ſhall deliver unto him a Bill of his Hand for the Payment of his Money, according to that Time. Now Sweetheart (*quoth ſhe*) this Alderman ſhall be thine own ſelf, and I'll go borrow for thee all things that ſhall be neceſſary againſt that Time. Tuſh (*quoth her Husband*) canſt thou imagine that he ſeeing me in the Morning, will not know me again in the Afternoon? Go Husband (*quoth ſhe*) he will not know thee I warrant thee; for in the Morning thou ſhalt go to him in thy Doublet of Sheep-ſkin, with a ſmutch'd Face, and thy Apron before thee, thy Thumb-leather and Hand-leather buckled cloſe to thy Wriſt, with a foul Band about thy Neck, and a greaſie Cap on thy Head. Why Woman (*quoth he*) to go in ſuch ſort would be a Diſcredit to me, and make the Merchant doubtful of my Dealing; for Men of a ſimple Attire are (God wot) ſlenderly eſteemed.

Hold your Peace, good Husband (*quoth ſhe*) it ſhall not be ſo with you, for *John* the Frenchman ſhall give ſuch good Report to the Merchant of your honeſt Dealing (as I praiſe God, he can do no leſs) as the Grecian will rather conceive the better of you, than otherwiſe, judging you a diſcreet and prudent Man, that will not make a ſhew of that you are not, but go in your Attire agreeable to your Trade. And becauſe none of our Folks ſhould be privy to our Intent, to Morrow we will dine at my Couſin *John Barber*'s in St. *Clement*'s Lane, which is not far from the *George* in *Lombard-ſtreet*, where the Merchant Stranger lies. Now I'll be ſure that all things ſhall be ready at my Couſin *John*'s, that you may put on in the Afternoon. And there he ſhall firſt of all with his Sciſſars, ſnap off all the ſuperfluous Hairs, and faſhion thy bruſhy Beard, after the Alderman's grave Cut; then ſhall he waſh thee with a ſweet Camphire Ball, and beſprinkle thy Head and Face with the pureſt Roſe-Water: Then ſhalt thou ſcour thy pitchy Fingers in a Baſon of hot Water, with an ordinary Waſhing-Ball; and all this being done, ſtrip thee from theſe common Weeds, and I'll put thee on a very fair Doublet of Tawny Sattin, over which thou ſhalt have a Caſſock of

branched

branched Damask, furred round the Skirts with the finest Foyns, thy Breeches of Black Velver, and Shooes and Stockings fit for such Array; a Band about thy Neck as white as the driven Snow, and for thy Wrist a pretty pair of Cuffs, and on thy Head a Cap of finest black; then shalt thou put on a fair Gown welted about with Velvet, and overthwart thy Back it shall be laid with the richest Foyns, with a pair of sweet Gloves on thy Hands, and on thy Fore-finger a great Seal Ring of Gold.

Thou being thus attired, I'll intreat my Cousin *John Barber*, because he is a very handsome young man, neat and fine in his Apparel, as indeed all Barbers are, that he would take the Pains to wait upon you to the Merchant, as if he were your man, which he will do at first word, because one of you cannot understand the other, so that it will be sufficient with outward Courtesie, one to greet another, and to deliver to you his Note, and you to give him your Bill, and so to come home.

It doth my Heart good to see how trimly this Apparel doth become you, in faith, Husband, methinks in my mind I see you in it already, and how like an Alderman you look when you are in this costly Array. At your return home from the Merchant, you shall put off all these Cloaths at my Cousin's again, and come home as you did go forth; then tell *John* the Frenchman, That the Alderman was with the Merchant this Afternoon, you may send to him in the morning, and bid him to command that his Ship may be brought down the River; while she is coming about, you may give Notice to the Linnen-Drapers of the Commodities you have coming. Enough Wife, quoth he, thou hast said enough; and by the Grace of God, I'll follow thy Counsel, and I doubt not but to have good Fortune.

CHAP. XI.

How Simon Eyre *was sent for to my Lord Mayor's to Supper, and shewing the great Entertainment he and his Wife had there.*

ANon, after Supper-time drew near, she making her self ready in the best manner she could devise, passing along with her Husband unto my Lord Mayor's house; and being entered the great Hall, one of the Officers certified my Lord Mayor that the great rich Shoomaker and his Wife were already come. Whereupon the Lord Mayor in courteous manner came into the Hall to *Simon*, saying: You are heartily welcome good Master *Eyre*, and so is your gentle Bedfellow: Then came the Lady Mayoress and saluted them both in like manner, saying: Welcome good Master *Eyre* and Mistress *Eyre* both, and taking her by the hand, set her down among the Gentlewomen there present.

Sir (quoth the Lord Mayor) I understand you are a Shoomaker, and that it is you that have bought all the Goods of the great *Argozy*. I am indeed, my Lord, of the *Gentle Craft* (quoth he) and I praise God all the Goods of the great *Argozy* are mine own when my Debts are paid.

God give you much Joy of it (said my Lord Mayor) and I trust you and I shall deal for some Part thereof. So the Meat being then ready to be brought in, the Guests were placed each one according to their Calling. My Lord Mayor holding *Simon* by the hand, and the Lady Mayoress holding his Wife, they needs would have them sit near to themselves, which they then with blushing Cheeks refusing, my Lord said unto them, holding his Cap in his hand:

Master *Eyre* and Mistress *Eyre*, let me intreat you not to be troublesome, for I tell you it shall be thus; and as for these Gentlemen here present, they are all of mine own Acquaintance, and many times we have been together; therefore I dare be the bolder with them, and albeit you are our Neighbours also, yet I promise you, you are Strangers to my Table, and to Strangers common Courtesie doth teach us to shew the greatest Favour, therefore let me Rule you in mine own House, and you shall Rule me in yours.

When *Simon* found there was no Remedy, they sat them down, but the poor Woman was so abashed, that she did eat but little Meat at the Table, behaving her self at the Table with a comely and modest Countenance; but what she wanted in outward Feeding, her Heart yielded to her with inward Delight and Content.

Now so it was, many Men that knew not *Simon*, and seeing him in so simple Attire sit next my Lord, whisperingly asked one another what he was; and it was enough for *Simon*'s Wife (with her Eyes and Ears) to see and hearken after every thing that was said or done.

A grave wealthy Citizen sitting at the Table, spake to *Simon*, and said: Sir, in good Will I drink to your good Health, but I beseech you pardon me, for I know not how to call your Name. With that my Lord Mayor answered him, saying; his Name is Master *Eyre*, and this is the Gentleman that bought all the Goods that came in the *Black Swan* of *Candia*; and before God, though he sit here in simple sort, for his Wealth I do verily believe, he is more sufficient to bear this Place than my self; this was a Man that was never thought upon, living obscure amongst us, of none Account in the Eyes of the World, carrying but the Countenance of a Shoomaker, and none of the best neither, and is able to deal for a Bargain of Five thousand Pounds at a Clap. We do want many such Shoomakers (said the Citizen) and so with other Discourse drove out Supper; at what time rising from the Table, *Simon* and his Wife receiving sundry Salutations of my Lord-Mayor and his Lady, and all the rest of the worshipful Guests, departed home to their own House, at what Time his Wife made such a recital of the Matters, how bravely they were entertained, what great Cheer was there, also what a great Company of Gentlemen and Gentlewomen were there, and how often they drank to her Husband and to her, with divers other Circumstances, that I believe that if the Night had been six Months long, as it is under the North-Pole, they would have found talk enough until morning. Of a Truth (*quoth she*) altho' I sat close to my Ladies side, I could eat nothing for very Joy to hear and see that we were so much made of: And never give me Credit, Husband, if I did not hear the Officers whisper as they stood behind me, and all demanded of one another what you were, and what I was: Oh, *quoth one*, do you see this Man? mark him well, and mark his Wife well, that simple Woman that sits next my Lady; what are they? what are they, *quoth another*? Marry, this is the rich Shoomaker that bought all the Goods in the great *Argozy*, I tell you there was never such a Shoomaker seen in *London*, since the City was builded.

Now, by my Faith, *quoth the third*, I have heard much talk of him among the Merchants in the Streets, going between the two Change. Credit me, Husband, of mine Honesty, this.

this was their Communication. Nay, and do you not remember when the Rich Citizen drank to you (which craved Pardon because he knew not your Name) what my Lord Mayor said; Sir, *quoth he*, his Name is Master *Eyre*; did you mark that? and presently thereupon he added these words: This is the Gentleman that bought, and so forth: The Gentleman understood him, did you hear him speak that word?

In troth, VVife (*quoth he*) my Lord uttered many good VVords for me, I thank his Honour, but I heard not that. No? *quoth she*, I heard it well enough; for by and by he proceeded farther, saying: I suppose though he sit here in simple sort, he is more sufficient to bear this Place than my self. Yea, thought I, he may thank his VVife for that, if it come to pass. Nay, said *Simon*, I thank God for it. Yea, and next him you may thank me, *quoth she*: And it did her so much good to talk of it, that I suppose if she had lived till this Day, she would yet be prating thereof, if Sleep did not drive her from it.

And now, seeing that *Simon* the Shoomaker is become a Merchant, we will temper our Tongue, to give him the Title which his Customers were wont to do, and from henceforth call him Master *Eyre*, who, while he had his Affairs in hand, committed the Government of his Shop to *John* the Frenchman, leaving him to be Guide to his other Servants; by means of which Favour, *John* thought himself at that Time to be a man of no small Reputation.

CHAP. XII.

How John *the Frenchman fell in Love with one of his Mistress's Maids, and how he was crossed through the Craft of* Haunce *the Dutchman.*

AT the same Time there was dwelling in the House a Jolly VVench, whose Name was *Florence*, whom *John* the Frenchman loved dearly well, and for her only sake he brought many a good Bottle of VVine into the House, and therewithal so soon as their Master and Mistress were gone to Bed, they would oftentimes make merry amongst themselves; which *Haunce* a Journey-man in the same House perceiving, sought to cross him as much as in him lay, thereby to bring his own Purpose the better to pass, which was to join the Maiden's Favour to his own Affections.

And because the Frenchman had the greatest Gains under his Master, and being thereof no Niggard when he had got it, the Maid did most Delight in him, and little esteemed the Dutchman, though his good Will was as great towards her as the other; for they could not be in any Corner of the House together, nor could they meet in any Place abroad, but the Dutchman would still watch them.

Upon a Time *Florence* being at Market, her Love *John* went forth of the Shop to meet her, and *Haunce* staid not long behind, who at length espied them, and heard his Fellow *John* questioning with her in this sort:

What *Florence*, what have you in your Basket? Hea, let me see what you buy? Marry, *John*, *quoth she*, I have bought Beef and Mutton, and other things: Come, come, must you peep in my Basket? *quoth she*, away for shame, away. Be Got *Florence*, me will see a little, ha, ha! *Florence*, you buy de Pudding; Hea, you love de Puddings *Florence*, if I be your Husband, me will give you Pudding shall warren. My Husband! *quoth she*, in Faith Sir, no, I mean not to marry a Frenchman: What, *Florence*, be de good Man; but *Florence*, me will give you a Pint of Wine by my troat.

Oh, I cannot stay now, I thank you *John*. What, *quoth he*, *Florence*, no stay with your Friend, I shall make you stay a little time. And so with that, taking her by the Hand, into the Tavern they go; and *Haunce* the Dutchman following them, sat closely in the next Room, and by that Means heard all that they said, and that they appointed the next *Sunday* to go to *Islington* to be merry, and so the Maid hasting away, they departed.

Well, quoth *Haunce*, secretly to himself, it shall go hard but I will disappoint you. *Sunday* in the Afternoon being come, *John* the Frenchman, according to his Appointment, went before to *Islington*, leaving *Florence* to come after, with another Maid which dwelt in the same House, whilst he prepared good Cheer for their coming; and the more to make her merry, he hired a Noise of Musicians to attend their Pleasure.

And as it after hapned, his Fellow *Haunce* prevented this Sport, who watching in the Fields for *Florence*, at length he espied her coming; to whom he said, Well met fair *Florence*, your Friend *John* hath changed his Mind; for whereas he appointed you to meet him at *Islington*, you shall lose your Labour so to do, for he is not there. No, how so, said *Florence*? The Reason is, said *Haunce*, so far as I can understand by him, he thinks you are very fickle and unconstant, and because it was his Chance this Morning to see you speak to a young Man that passed by; he saith verily, That you are a marvellous great Dissembler, and in this Humour he is gone I know not whither.

And is it even so, said *Florence*? I'll tell thee what *Haunce*, because he hath made thee privy to his Mind, I will shew thee somewhat of mine: Doth he suspect me, because I did but speak to one: Nay, if he be so Jealous now, what will he be hereafter? And therefore insomuch as it is so, let him go to the Devil; he shall very well find that I will set as light by him as he doth by me. Did the Knave get leave of my Mistress for me to come abroad this Day, and he doth now serve me thus? Well, this shall teach me Wit in Faith; and so she turns back again.

Nay, quoth *Haunce*, seeing now you are abroad, let me intreat you to go to *Hogsden*, and I will bestow a mess of Cream upon you. In the end she was won, and as they walked together, *Haunce* spoke thus unto her: I know not what Cause *John* the Frenchman hath given you to bear him so good Will, as I perceive you do, but in my mind he is a far unmeet Match for you. And thus much I know, he is of a very mistrustful Nature, a wavering Mind, and a deceitful Heart. He did profess great good Will to you in outward shew, but I have heard him speak most shamefully of you behind your Back, making his Vaunts that he had you at a Beck of his Finger, and how that for a pint of Wine, he could cause you to follow him all over the City: *Florence*, I am a Fool to tell you thus much, it may be you will scarce believe it, and for my part I will not urge you thereunto; but in troth, look what I tell you, it is for good Will, because I have been sorry to see you so abused.

I thank you good *Haunce*, *quoth she*, I may believe it well enough, but henceforth I know what I have to do; I confess, indeed, that I have drank with him abroad, but it was at his

own earneſt Entreaty, neither could I ever be at quiet for the Knave, he doth ſo follow me up and down in every Place; but ſeeing I know his Diſſimulation to be ſuch, if I do not requite him in his kind, truſt me no more; and now I am heartily ſorry that I was ſo fooliſh as to follow him this Day, at his Appointment; but ſeeing he hath ſerved me thus, he ſhall not know of my coming out of Doors, and therefore, good *Haunce*, do not tell him you met me this Day in the Fields.

Now in Faith *Florence*, I will not only be ſecret to thee, but will alſo from henceforth acquaint thee with all his Proceedings. And having eat their Cream, *Haunce* brought her ſome part of the way homewards; and taking his Leave of her, he went back to ſee if he could meet with *John* the Frenchman, who having ſtaid at *Iſlington* for *Florence* until almoſt Night, and ſhe not coming, he and the Muſicians together were fain to eat the Meat without more Company, which made *John* the Frenchman to ſwear like a Turk.

And as he was coming homeward over the Fields, chafing and fretting to himſelf, who ſhould he meet withal but *Haunce* the Dutchman, who ſaid to him: What, *John*, who thought to meet you here? Here thou ſeeſt I am now, ſaid *John*; but when came you from home? Marry, but even now, quoth *Haunce*. And who is at home, ſaid *John*? The other anſwered, There was no Body but their Miſtreſs and the Maid *Florence*, with the reſt of the Houſhold. Is *Florence* at home? quoth *John*, the Devil take her for me, ſhe hath made a right Fool of me indeed. How ſo? (quoth *Haunce*) then the other in a great chafe, ſaid: Be got ſhall be Revenged, *Florence* put on me too muſh, too muſh: ſhe make me believe ſhe love me, and me think ſo too; and Be-got ſhe make me a Jack-Fool. When *Haunce* heard him ſay ſo, he ſaid: Alas, good *John*! ſhe love thee! if you think ſo you are greatly deceived, for ſhe is the ſcoffing'ſt Quean in *London*, and I have heard her behind your back to mock and flout you, ſaying: Doth ſhitten *John* think that I will marry him? In faith, Sir, no. When the Frenchman heard this, he ſtampt like a mad Man, and bit his Thumb, ſaying: Morbleu, me ſhall be revenged Be-got; Shitten *John*, call ſhitten *John*, hea? A deput in corroyn, a me ſhant, ſhitten *John*, no better name but a ſhitten *John*? It is as I tell you, quoth *Haunce*; and moreover, ſhe ſaid, ſhe ſcorned to come after you to *Iſlington*, ſaying, ſhe would ſee you hang'd firſt. Well, be no matter, ſhe no love me, me no love ſhe, but me ſhall go home, me ſhall, and beat her like a Stock-fiſh. Nay, do not ſo, (ſaith *Haunce*) but let her alone, for it is no Credit for you to beat a Woman, and beſides that, if you ſhould, our Maſter would turn you out of Doors, therefore be quiet a while, and be ſecret in that I have told you, then ſhall you ſee how ſhe uſeth you.

In this Humour they departed, at what Time *John* full of Melancholy ſtood frowning by the Fire-ſide, and as the Maid went up and down the Houſe about her Buſineſs, he caſt looks upon her as fierce as a Panther; but ſhe, by reaſon of the Dutchman's Tale to her, ſhews her ſelf as ſcornful as he was churliſh, and not once caſt her Eye toward him; and thus they drove on the Time for a Seven-night or Fortnight.

CHAP. XIII. *How Maſter* Eyre *was called upon to be Sheriff of* LONDON, *and how he held his Place with Worſhip.*

IN this ſpace Maſter *Eyre* following his Buſineſs, had ſold ſo much of his Merchandize as paid the Grecian's whole Money, and yet had reſting to himſelf three times as much as he had ſold, wherefore he truſted ſome to one Alderman, and ſome to another, and a great deal among ſubſtantial Merchants; and for ſome had much ready Money, which he employed in divers Merchandizes, and became Adventurer at Sea, having, by God's Bleſſing, many Proſperous Voyages, ſo that his Riches daily encreaſed.

It chanced upon a Time, that being in his Study, caſting up his Accompts, he found himſelf to be clearly worth Twelve or Thirteen thouſand Pounds; which he finding to be ſo, called his Wife to him, and ſaid:

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The last Day I did cast up my Accompts, and I find that Almighty God of his Goodness hath lent me Thirteen thousand Pounds, to maintain us in our Old Age, for which his gracious Goodness towards us, let us with our whole Hearts give his Glorious Majesty Eternal Praise, and therewithal pray unto him, That we may so dispose thereof, as may be to his Honour, and the Comfort of his poor Members on Earth, and above our Neighbours we may not be puffed up with Pride, that while we think on our Wealth, we forget God that sent it us; for it hath been an old Saying of a Wise Man: *That Abundance groweth from Riches, and Disdain out of Abundance*: Of which, God give us Grace to take need, and grant us a contented Mind.

So soon as he had spoken this, he heard one hastily knocking at the Door, whereupon he sent *Florence* to see who it was; the Maiden coming again, told her Master it was one of my Lord Mayor's Officers that would speak with him. The Officer being permitted to come in, after due Reverence, he said: Sir, it hath pleased my Lord-Mayor, with the worshipful Aldermen his Brethren; with the Council of the whole Commonalty of the Honourable City, to chuse your Worship Sheriff of *LONDON* this Day, and have sent me to desire you to come and certifie your Mind therein, whether you be contented to hold the Place or no.

Master *Eyre* hearing this, answered, He would come to his Honour and their Worships incontinent, and resolve them what he was minded to do; and so the Officer departed.

His Wife (who all this while listned to their Talk) hearing how the Case stood, with a joyful Countenance meeting her Husband, taking him about the Neck, with a loving Kiss, said: Master Sheriff, God send thee Joy of thy Name and Place. O Wife (*quoth he*) my Person is far unworthy of that Place, and the Name far exceeds my Degree.

What, content your self, good Husband (*quoth she*) and disable not your self in such sort, but be thankful to God for what you have, and do not spurn at such Promotion as God sendeth you. The Lord be praised for it, you have enough to discharge the Place whereunto you are call'd with Credit; and wherefore sendeth God Goods, but therewithal to do him and your Country Service? Woman (*quoth he*) soft Fire makes sweet Malt; for such as take things in hand rashly, repent it suddenly; to be Sheriff of *London* is no little Cost; Consider first (*quoth he*) what House I ought to have, and what costly Ornaments belong thereunto, as Hangings of Tapestry, Cloth of Arras, and other such like; what store of Plate and Goblets of Gold, what costly Attire, and what a chargeable Train; and that which is most of all, how greatly I stand charged to our Sovereign Lord the King, for answering of such Prisoners as shall be committed to my Custody, with a hundred Matters of such Importance which are to such an Office belonging.

Good Lord, Husband (*quoth she*) what need all these Repetitions? You need not tell me it is a Matter of great Charge; notwithstanding, I verily think many heretofore have w[illegible]

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great Credit discharged the Place, whose Wealth hath not in any sort been answerable to your Riches, and whose Wits have been as mean as your own: Truly, Sir, shall I be plain, I know not of any thing that is to be spoken of that you want to perform it, but only your good Will, and to lack good Will to do your King and Country good, were a sign of an unworthy Subject, which I hope you will never be.

Well, Wife (said her Husband) thou hast held me here with prittle prattle, while the Time passeth on; it is high Time I were gone to *Guild Hall*, I doubt I shall appear too unmannerly, in causing my Lord-Mayor and the rest to stay my Leisure. And he having made himself ready, fit to go before such an Assembly as he went unto, he went out of Doors, at what Time his Wife called after him, saying, and holding up her Finger: Husband, remember, you know what I have said; take heed you dissemble not with God and the World, look to it Husband. Go get you in (*quoth he*) about your Business. And so away he went.

So soon as he was gone out of sight, his Wife sent one of his Men after him, to *Guild-Hall*, to hearken and hear whether he held his Place or no, and if he do, bring me Word with all possible speed.

I will, Mistress, *quoth her Man.*

Now, when Mr. *Eyre* came to *Guild-Hall*, the Lord-Mayor and his Brethren bad him heartily welcome, saying; Sir, the Commonalty of the City having a good Opinion of you, have chosen you for one of the Sheriffs for this Year, not doubting but to find you a fit Man for the Place.

My good Lord, *quoth he*, I humbly thank the City for their Courtesie and Kindness, and would to God my Wealth were answerable to my good Will, and my Ability were able to bear it; but I find my self unsufficient: I most humbly desire a Year's Respite more, and Pardon for this present.

At these Words, a grave Commoner of the City standing up, with due Reverence spake thus unto the Mayor: My good Lord, this is but a slender Excuse for Mr. *Eyre* to make, for I have often heard him say, and so hath divers others also, That he hath a Table in his House, whereon he breaks his Fast every Day, that he will not give for a thousand Pounds: wherefore, under your Lordship's Correction, in my simple Judgment, I think he that is able to spare a thousand Pounds in such a dead Commodity, is very sufficient to be Sheriff of *London*. See you now, *quoth my Lord*, I muse Mr. *Eyre*, that you would have so lame an Excuse before us, as to make Exception at your own Wealth, which is apparently proved sufficient; You must know, Mr. *Eyre*, that the Commons of *London* have searching Eyes, and seldom they are deceived in their Opinion, and therefore look what is done, you must stand to it.

I beseech you, my Lord, *quoth Mr.* Eyre, give me leave to speak one Word: Let it be granted that I will not give my Table whereon I break my Fast, for a thousand Pounds, that is no Consequence to prove it is worth so much, my Fancy to the Thing is all; for doubtless no Man here would give me a thousand Shillings for it when they see it. All is one for that, *quoth my Lord-Mayor*, yet I dare give you as much Wine as you will spend this Year in your Sheriffalty, to let me have it. My good Lord, *quoth he*, on that Condition I will hold my Place, and rest no longer troublesome to this Company. You must Hold, *said my Lord*, without any Condition or Exceptions at all to this Matter; *and so they ended.*

The Assembly being then broken up, the Voice went, *Mr.* Eyre *is Sheriff*: Whereupon the Fellow that Mrs. *Eyre* sent to observe how things framed, ran in all haste, and with leaping and rejoycing, said, Mistress, God give you Joy, for you are now a Gentlewoman: What (*quoth she*) tell me, Sir Sawce, is thy Master Sheriff or no? and doth he hold his Place? Yea, Mistress, he holds his Place now, as fast as the Stirrup doth the

Shoe

The last Day I did cast up my Accompts, and I find that Almighty God of his Goodness hath lent me Thirteen thousand Pounds, to maintain us in our Old Age, for which his gracious Goodness towards us, let us with our whole Hearts give his Glorious Majesty Eternal Praise, and therewithal pray unto him, That we may so dispose thereof, as may be to his Honour, and the Comfort of his poor Members on Earth, and above our Neighbours we may not be puffed up with Pride, that while we think on our Wealth, we forget God that sent it us; for it hath been an old Saying of a Wise Man: *That Abundance groweth from Riches, and Disdain cus of Abundance*: Of which, God give us Grace to take need, and grant us a contented Mind.

So soon as he had spoken this, he heard one hastily knocking at the Door, whereupon he sent *Florence* to see who it was; the Maiden coming again, told her Master it was one of my Lord Mayor's Officers that would speak with him. The Officer being permitted to come in, after due Reverence, he said: Sir, it hath pleased my Lord-Mayor, with the worshipful Aldermen his Brethren; with the Council of the whole Commonalty of the Honourable City, to chuse your Worship Sheriff of *LONDON* this Day, and have sent me to desire you to come and certifie your Mind therein, whether you be contented to hold the Place or no.

Master *Eyre* hearing this, answered, He would come to his Honour and their Worships incontinent, and resolve them what he was minded to do; and so the Officer departed.

His Wife (who all this while listned to their Talk) hearing how the Case stood, with a joyful Countenance meeting her Husband, taking him about the Neck, with a loving Kiss, said: Master Sheriff, God send thee Joy of thy Name and Place. O Wife (*quoth he*) my Person is far unworthy of that Place, and the Name far exceeds my Degree.

What, content your self, good Husband (*quoth she*) and disable not your self in such sort, but be thankful to God for what you have, and do not spurn at such Promotion as God sendeth you. The Lord be praised for it, you have enough to discharge the Place whereunto you are call'd with Credit; and wherefore sendeth God Goods, but therewithal to do him and your Country Service? Woman (*quoth he*) soft Fire makes sweet Malt; for such as take things in hand rashly, repent it suddenly; to be Sheriff of *London* is no little Cost; Consider first (*quoth he*) what House I ought to have, and what costly Ornaments belong thereunto, as Hangings of Tapestry, Cloth of Arras, and other such like; what store of Plate and Gold lets of Gold, what costly Attire, and what a chargeable Train; and that which is most of all, how greatly I stand charged to our Sovereign Lord the King, for answering of such Prisoners as shall be committed to my Custody, with a hundred Matters of such Importance which are to such an Office belonging.

Good Lord, Husband (*quoth she*) what need all these Repetitions? You need not tell me it is a Matter of great Charge; notwithstanding, I verily think many heretofore have wi gr

great Credit discharged the Place, whose Wealth hath not in any sort been answerable to your Riches, and whose Wits have been as mean as your own: Truly, Sir, shall I be plain, I know not of any thing that is to be spoken of that you want to perform it, but only your good Will, and to lack good Will to do your King and Country good, were a sign of an unworthy Subject, which I hope you will never be.

Well, Wife (said her Husband) thou hast held me here with prittle prattle, while the Time passeth on; it is high Time I were gone to *Guild Hall*, I doubt I shall appear too unmannerly, in causing my Lord-Mayor and the rest to stay my Leisure. And he having made himself ready, fit to go before such an Assembly as he went unto, he went out of Doors, at what Time his Wife called after him, saying, and holding up her Finger:

Husband, remember, you know what I have said; take heed you dissemble not with God and the World, look to it Husband. Go get you in (*quoth he*) about your Business. And so away he went.

So soon as he was gone out of sight, his Wife sent one of his Men after him, to *Guild-Hall*, to hearken and hear whether he held his Place or no; and if he do, bring me Word with all possible speed.

I will, Mistress, *quoth her Man.*

Now, when Mr. *Eyre* came to *Guild-Hall*, the Lord-Mayor and his Brethren bad him heartily welcome, saying; Sir, the Commonalty of the City having a good Opinion of you, have chosen you for one of the Sheriffs for this Year, not doubting but to find you a fit Man for the Place.

My good Lord, *quoth he*, I humbly thank the City for their Courtesie and Kindness, and would to God my Wealth were answerable to my good Will, and my Ability were able to bear it; but I find my self unsufficient: I most humbly desire a Year's Respite more, and Pardon for this present.

At these Words, a grave Commoner of the City standing up, with due Reverence spake thus unto the Mayor: My good Lord, this is but a slender Excuse for Mr. *Eyre* to make, for I have often heard him say, and so hath divers others also, That he hath a Table in his House, whereon he breaks his Fast every Day, that he will not give for a thousand Pounds: wherefore, under your Lordship's Correction, in my simple Judgment, I think he that is able to spare a thousand Pounds in such a dead Commodity, is very sufficient to be Sheriff of *London*. See you now, *quoth my Lord*, I muse Mr. *Eyre*, that you would have so lame an Excuse before us, as to make Exception at your own Wealth, which is apparently proved sufficient: You must know, Mr. *Eyre*, that the Commons of *London* have searching Eyes, and seldom they are deceived in their Opinion, and therefore look what is done, you must stand to it.

I beseech you, my Lord, *quoth Mr.* Eyre, give me leave to speak one Word: Let it be granted that I will not give my Table whereon I break my Fast, for a thousand Pounds, that is no Consequence to prove it is worth so much, my Fancy to the Thing is all; for doubtless no Man here would give me a thousand Shillings for it when they see it. All is one for that, *quoth my Lord-Mayor*, yet I dare give you as much Wine as you will spend this Year in your Sheriffalty, to let me have it. My good Lord, *quoth he*, on that Condition I will hold my Place, and rest no longer troublesome to this Company. You must Hold, *said my Lord*, without any Condition or Exceptions at all to this Matter; *And so they ended.*

The Assembly being then broken up, the Voice went, *Mr.* Eyre *is Sheriff*, *Mr.* Eyre *is Sheriff*: Whereupon the Fellow that Mrs. *Eyre* sent to observe how things framed, ran in all haste, and with leaping and rejoycing, said, Mistress, God give you Joy, for you are now a Gentlewoman: What (*quoth she*) tell me, Sir Sawce, is thy Master Sheriff or no? and doth he hold his Place? Yea, Mistress, he holds his Place now, as fast as the Stirrup doth the

Shoe

Shooe while we sow it: Why then, *quoth she*, I have my Heart's Desire, and that I so long looked for. And so away she went.

Within a while after came her Husband, and with him one of the Aldermen and a couple of wealthy Commoners; one of them was he that gave such great Commendation of his Table; and coming to his Door, he said: You are welcome home, good Master Sheriff. Nay, I pray you come in and drink before you go.

Then said he, Wife, bring me forth a Pasty of Venison, and set me here my little Table, that these Gentlemen may eat a Bit with me before they go. His Wife, who had been often used to this Term, excused the Matter, saying: The little Table! Good Lord, Husband, I do wonder what you will do with the little Table now, knowing that it is used already: I pray you, good Husband, content your self, and sit at the great Table this once. Then she whispered him in the Ear, saying: What! Man, shall we shame our selves? What Shame, *quoth he*? Tell me not of Shame, but do as thou art bidden; for we are but Three or Four of us, then what need we trouble the great Table: Truly (*answered she*) the little Table is not ready now, good Husband let it alone.

Trust me, we are troublesome Guests (*said the Alderman*) but yet we would fain see your little Table, because it is said to be of such a Price. Yea, and it is my Mind you shall, *quoth Master* Eyre; therefore he called his Wife again, saying; Good Wife dispatch, and prepare the little Table; for these Gentlemen would fain have a view of it.

Whereupon his Wife seeing him so earnest, according to her wonted manner, came in, and setting her self down on a low Stool, laid a fair Napkin over her Knees, and set the Platter with the Pasty of Venison thereupon; and presently a Chair was brought for Master Alderman, and a couple of low Stools for the two Commoners, which they beholding, with a sudden and hearty Laughter, said. Why Master Sheriff, is this the Table you hold so dear? Yea, truly, (*quoth he*): Now, verily (*quoth they*) you herein have utterly deceived our Expectation. Even so did you mine (*quoth he*) in making me Sheriff; but you are all right welcome; and I tell you true, had I not thought wondrous well of you, you had not seen my Table now. And I think, did my Lord-Mayor see it as you do, he would repent his Bargain so hastily made. Notwithstanding, I account my Table never the worse: Nor have you any Cause, *quoth they*. And so after much pleasant Talk they departed, spreading the Fame of Master Sheriff's Table over the whole City.

But you must now imagine that a thousand Cares cumbered the Sheriff, in providing all things necessary to his Office: At what Time he put off his Shoomakers Shop to one of his Men; and set up at the same Time the Sign of the *Black Swan swimming upon the Sea*, in remembrance of that Ship that first did bring him his Wealth: And before that Time, the Sign of the *Black Swan* was never seen or known in any Place in or about the City of *London*.

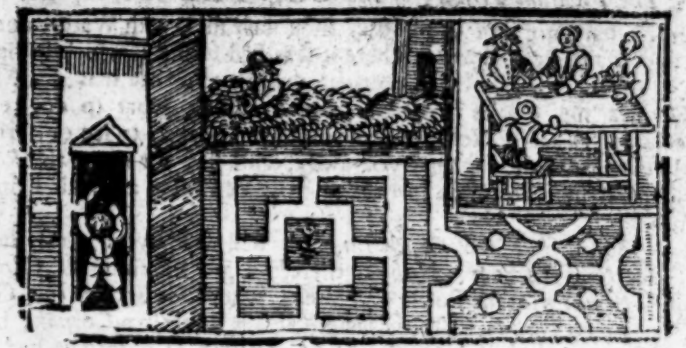
CHAP. XIV.

How Hawnce having circumvented John *the Frenchman's Love, was by him and others finely deceived at the Garden.*

NOW at that Time *John* the Frenchman and fair *Florence* were both at Variance, as you heard before by the Dutchman's Dealing, by which Subtilty he sought Means to win Favour for himself; which *John* the Frenchman perceived, and therefore went about not only to prevent him, but to take Revenge on him for his Deceitfulness; and meeting *Florence*, as she went into the Garden for Flowers, he began to talk thus unto her:

What, *Florence*, you go de Garden? And how then, *quoth she*, what have you to say to that? Me sen nothing, but you be discontent: You no speak a me; you no look a me; nor you no drink wid me; nor noting: ah, *Florence*! how chance dat?

Go



Go get thee hence, pratling Fool, *quoth ſhe*, I drink with thee! thou ſhalt be Py-pecke firſt. Py-pecke! What be Py-pecke? a hea; be Got *Florence*, you make me a Jack-a nape, you mock a me, and call me ſhitten *John*; and you be ſo proud becauſe *Haunce* love you, dat ſhall be marvel; but and if you call me ſhitten *John* any more, on my fay ſhall not put up, ſhall not take at your hands.

VVho told you that I called you ſhitten *John*? quoth *Florence*, I never called you ſo: No, *Florence*, you no call a me ſhitten *John*, alſo me ſhant Villain? pulrad *Haunce* tell a me ſo. I never ſaid ſo, *quoth Florence*: but *Haunce* told me that you make your boaſt that I was at a beck of your Finger; and that you could make me follow you up and down the whole City for a pint of VVine: No, I would you ſhould well underſtand, I will not follow a better Man than you. O, my fet *Florence*, me never ſaid ſo. No; yes, *quoth ſhe*, but you did, I can tell you by a good Token: for that very time that I ſhould have met you at *Iſlington*, you ſaid it, and made me a Fool to come over the Fields to you; and when all came to all, you ſent *Haunce* to tell that you were gone therehence long ago.

Abcet token *Haunce*, quoth *John*, be des ten bon, 'tis true, for me tarry dere more den one, two, trée Hour, and had provided Shapon, de Rabit, de Cream, de Pudding-pye, and twenty dings more: VVell, however it was, I am ſure I was made an Aſs betwixt you, and for that Cauſe I will beware how I ſhew Kindneſs again to any: Therefore, *John*, I pray you be gone, and ſeek ſome other Company, for you ſhall not go with me. No, ſaid *John*, well den adieu *Florence*: and ſo they departed.

Now it is to be underſtood, That *Haunce* had promiſed *Florence* to meet her in the Garden, and to bring with him a Bottle of VVine, and there in the Preſence of a Maid or two more, to make themſelves ſure together; and ſhe for that Purpoſe had carried with her the Corner of a Veniſon Paſty. But there was an English Journey-man in the Houſe called *Nicholas*, that underſtood thereof, who meeting with *John* the Frenchman, he made him privy thereunto, ſaying; Truſt me *John*, if thou wilt be ruled by me, we will not only diſappoint this Match, but alſo with their good Cheer make our ſelves merry. *John*, who was glad and ready to do the Dutchman an Injury, conſented to follow *Nicholas*'s Counſel in any thing.

Then, quoth *Nicholas*, it ſhall be thus: I will go to the Garden, and ſtay for *Haunce*'s coming with the Wine, and in the mean ſpace do thou hide thy ſelf under one of the Hedges of the Garden on the other ſide, and with thee take a couple of Pots, and let the one be empty, and the other filled with Water; and when *Haunce* is come into the Garden with his Bottle of Wine (now, he will not let me ſee it by his good will notwithſtanding, I'll obſerve where he doth ſet it down, and then I will find the Means (while they are buſie in toying and talking) to convey the Bottle of Wine through the Hedge to thee, and likewiſe

wiſe the Veniſon: Then emptying the Bottle, thou ſhalt fill it with Water, and thruſting it through the Hedge again, it ſhall be ſet where it was firſt found; which being done, thou ſhalt haſtily rap at the Door, at what time they ſhall be told that it is our Maſter or Miſtreſs; which they hearing, will be in a Maze, not knowing what to do, eſpecially for the conveying away of *Haunce*: Now, when you have knocked twice or thrice, and that you hear no Body come to the Door, get you away, and ſtay for me at the *Roſe* at *Barkin*, and there we will drink up their Wine and eat up their Veniſon; and this being done, we will laugh them to ſcorn.

Truly, *Nicholas*, quoth *John* the *Frenchman*, this will be brave: And thereupon they prepared themſelves to do the Feat. *Nicholas* therefore got him into the Garden, and by and by after comes *Haunce* with the Bottle of VVine, who knocking at the Garden-Door, was ſoon let in, but ſeeing *Nicholas* there, he ſecretly ſet his Bottle in a Corner; but *Nick*, who had as ſearching Eyes as *Argus*, in his Buſineſs, quickly did as before he had determined; and inſtead of Wine, ſet the Bottle down again, where he had found it, full of Water.

Then comes *John* and luſtily knocks at the Door, There is my Maſter and Miſtreſs (quoth *Nicholas*.) Alas! *quoth ſhe*, get you over the Hedge. Shall I open the Door, quoth *Nick*? O no, ſaid *Florence*, not yet good *Nick*. With that he knocked more haſtily: *Anon, anon, quoth he*: Hence *Haunce*; go to the Door, *Nick*. Who is there, *quoth he*? and with that opening the Door, he found juſt no Body. *Truly, Florence, ſaid he*, they are gone whoſoever they were. God be with you, I can ſtay no longer.

When he was departed, the Maids wiſhed that *Haunce* had been there again. Alas! poor Fellow, *quoth they*, he is gone and left the Bottle behind him. Marry, I am glad that it is no worſe, quoth *Florence*; and now, that the Wine is here, we will drink it for his ſake, and I have here a Morſel of Veniſon, that will give it a good Reliſh: And ſo looking for it, ſhe found the Cloath, but the Meat was gone. Now a Vengeance on it (*quoth ſhe*) one ſcurvy Cur or other hath got into the Garden and took away the Meat.

Alas! what ill luck is that (*quoth the Maid*?) a murrain on that Cur that got it; but ſeeing it is gone, farewel it. Well, ſaid *Florence*, here is the Wine yet; I know it is excellent good, for he told me he would bring me a Bottle of the beſt *Rheniſh* Wine that could be bought in *London*, and I am certain he is as good as his Word: But believe me, *Joan*, he is kind-hearted, and as loving a Fellow as ever profeſſed Love to any. I aſſure you that here is a Cup of Wine that the King may drink thereof; but how ſhall we do for a Glaſs? We will drink it out of the Bottle, ſaid *Joan*. Not ſo, quoth *Florence*, I do love to ſee what I drink, and therefore I'll borrow a Glaſs at the next Houſe. And while ſhe goes for a Glaſs *ſaid* Joan *to her ſelf*, I'll have a Taſt of it before ſhe returns again: Then ſetting her Hand, to the Bottle, and the Bottle unto her Mouth, ſhe drank a good Draught, and finding it to be ſomething thin in the going down, ſhe ſaid to *Beſs* that ſat by, Credit me now, but for the Name of Wine, I have drank as good VVater.

It is Rhenish VVine, quoth *Beſs*, and that is never ſtrong. It may be made of Rain well enough, *quoth Joan*. At which Words *Florence* entered with a Glaſs, and pouring it out into the Glaſs, ſhe extolled the Colour, ſaying; ſee what a brave Colour it hath; it is as clear, I do aſſure you, as Rock-water; and therewithal drinking it off, ſhe ſaid, it drinks very dead of a Truth; quoth ſhe, this is but bad VVine, it is even as dead as a Door-nail: And ſo filling the Glaſs again, ſhe gave it unto *Beſs*; ſhe taſting thereof, ſaid, Paſſion of me, this is plain VVater: VVater! ſaid *Joan*, is it VVater? Let me taſt it once again; by my Maidenhead it is Water indeed, *quoth ſhe*. Water! ſaid *Florence*, you have play'd the Drabs in drinking out the Wine, and filling the Bottle again with Water. Of my Faith, *quoth Joan*, you ſay not true in ſo ſaying: I would have you to underſtand, we played not the

the Drabs in any ſuch ſort, but *Haunce* rather played the Knave, that brought us Water inſtead of Wine. Nay, *quoth Florence*, I dare ſwear for him, that he would not ſerve you ſo, for all the Wealth my Maſter is worth; and I am perſwaded that it was no Body but your ſelves that did it; but in Faith you might have dealt ſo with another, and not with me. Nay, then, *quoth they*, you need not ſerve us ſo, to cauſe us to drink Water inſtead of Wine; and we would you ſhould think that although you be Maſter Sheriff's Maid, we do love our Mouths as well as you do yours for your Life, and it was but a homely Recompence for our good-Will I tell you true, neither do we Care how little we come to be thus deluded. Go to, go to, *quoth* Florence, you are like *Penelope*'s Puppy, that doth bite and whine: I know you well enough. Know us, *quoth Joan*! what do you know by us? we defie you for any thing you can ſay by us: Know us! Nay, it were well if thou didſt know thy ſelf: and heareſt thou, though thou haſt thy Companions to meet thee at thy Pleaſure, and we have not, no, know us: we are known to be as honeſt as thou art, or elſe we ſhould be ſorry. And ſo they departed in a Chafe.

Now *John* the Frenchman and *Nicholas* having eaten the Veniſon, and drank up the Wine, came back again time enough to hear all this Striſe, whereat they greatly rejoyced: but ſo ſoon as *Florence* did meet with *Haunce* again, ſhe kept no ſmall ſtir for mocking her with a Bottle of VVater, about the which they fell at Variance in ſuch ſort that they were not Friends for a long time after.

But during the time that *Haunce* was out of Favour, *Nicholas* ſought the Maid's Friendſhip by all the means he might, but in vain were his Pains ſpent therein; for although *Florence* outwardly ſeemed much diſpleaſed, yet *Haunce* had her Heart ſtill, and in proceſs of Time obtained great Favour, the Matter being grown ſo forward, that the Performance of their Marriage was forthwith appointed, which they intended ſhould be Celebrated at the Abbey of *Grace* on *Tower-Hill*. Notwithſtanding this Matter was not kept ſo cloſe, but that their ſecret Dealings were known, and *Nicholas* purpoſing to deceive the Dutch-man, made *John* the French-man privy thereunto, ſaying: *John*, it is ſo, that this Night at Midnight-Maſs *Florence* and *Haunce* do intend ſecretly to be married, and they have appointed the Fryar to do it as ſoon as the Tapers are all put out, becauſe, they will not be ſeen of any: Therefore *John*, if now you will be my Friend, I doubt not but to marry her my ſelf, and ſo to give the Dutch-man the ſlampam, and bore him through the Noſe with a Cushion. Ha! *quoth John*, be Got ſhall do as you ſea; and therefore, *Nicholas*, tell me what you do: Marry *John* (*quoth he*) you know the Dutch-man loveth to Drink well, and by that he loveth, we will cauſe him to loſe his Love; for we will get him out to the Tavern, and there cauſe him to be diſguiſed, that he ſhall be neither able to ſtand nor go. *John* the French-man hearing this, ſcratching his Head, and rubbing his Elbow, ſaid, Mayfoy *Nicholas*, dis be de fine Tricks, how ſhall we get him forth adoors? Excellent well, *quoth Nicholas*, for there is a new Journey-man, come to Town with S. *Hugh*'s Bones at his Back, and you know that he being of the *Gentle-Craft*, muſt go to give him his welcome; and I will tell *Haunce* thereof, who being very jocund, by reaſon his Marriage is ſo near, will not deny to come I know, therefore you and the ſtrange Journey-man ſhall go before to the Tavern, and then I will go fetch him. Abeene, content, content, ſaid *John*.

And ſo to the Tavern he haſted with the ſtrange Man. Anon came *Nicholas* and *Haunce*, and with them two or three Journey-men more, and all to the new Journey-man; ſitting down, they got *Haunce* in the midſt, called for Wine luſtily, and ſuch Varieties, as the Dutch-man was ſoon ſent packing, for every one ſought to overcharge him; and being himſelf of a good kind to take his Liquor, ſpared not to pledge every Man. At what time, in the midſt of his Cups, being well whitled, his Tongue ran at Random; (as Wine

is the bewrayer of Secrets) ſo it proved by him, for there he opened to his Companions all his Mind, ſaying: My Hearts, for all I ſit here, I muſt be a married Man e'er the Morning. God give you Joy: (*quoth they*) But who ſhall you marry (*quoth Nick.*) *Florence*? Yea, *Florence*, ſaid the Dutchman, that is the Laſs that I do love, and all the World cannot deceive me now. I am the Man that muſt have her Maidenhead, and this Night we muſt be married at the Abbey of *Grace*, and if you be good Fellows, go with me to Church; will you go with me? We will gad with thee (ſaid *John* the Frenchman) that we will. O *John!* (ſaid *Haunce*) I have wiped your Noſe and *Nick*'s too, you muſt wear the Willow-Garland. Well, what Remedy (*quoth they*) it is the better for you; but in faith *Haunce*, ſeeing it is ſo (*quoth* Nick) we will have one Bottle of Wine more, that we may drink to the Health of your Bride. I'll pledge her if it be a Gallon (*quoth Haunce*) By my Fet and Trot (*ſaid John*) we'll have a Gallon: Here, Drawer, where be you? I pray you bring me a Gallon of de beſt Claret, and a Gallon of de beſt Sack; ſhall make merry I let: what *Florence* be marry, and I not know. But by this time that this Wine was drank, *Haunce* was laid up for walking any more that Night. When *Nick* perceived that, he ſtole ſuddenly out of the Tavern, and went to meet *Florence* at the appointed Place; but *John* quickly miſſing him, knew ſtraight whereabout he went, and got him preſently to the Conſtable of the Poſtern Gate, and told him that *Nick* had laid a Man for dead in *Tower-ſtreet*, and that he was gone to ſave himſelf under the Privilege of the Abbey of *Grace*; but (quoth he) if you will go along, I ſhall bring him out with fair Words unto you, and then I deſire you to clap him up to anſwer this Matter in the Morning. But where dwell you? (*ſaid the Conſtable*) I do dwell with Maſter Alderman *Eyre*, quoth [illegible], and there you may have me at all times. The Conſtable did as *John* bad him, and committed *Nicholas* to Priſon. In the mean ſpace *Florence* and an old Woman of *Tower-ſtreet*, ſaid, They did go to a Woman's Labour; and by that Means they paſſed along by the Watch, and to the Abbey of *Grace* they came; they had not long been there, but that *John* the Frenchman meeting them, ſaid, *Florence*, well met, here is a fit Place to finiſh what I have a long time looked for: *John*, quoth ſhe, thou art like an Evil Spirit, that muſt be conjured out, before a Body ſhall get any quietneſs: Urge not me upon any ſuch Matters, for you be not the Man I look for; and therefore taking as little Pleaſure in your Preſence, as of your Proffers, I would be very glad to ſee your Back. What, ſaid *John*, have you no Compaſſion on a poor Man, you are hard-hearted indeed. But as he was uttering theſe Speeches, it was his Wife's Chance to hear his Tongue, being newly come from the Barge at *Billingſgate*, and at that Time going towards St. *Catherines* to ſee if ſhe could meet with ſome of her Country Folks that could tell her any Tydings of her Husband; but as I ſaid, hearing his Tongue, and knowing him by his Speech, ſhe ſaid: What *John Denevale!* my Husband, *John Denevale*, what make you Wed pretty Wench, hea? At theſe Words *John* was ſtruck into ſuch a dump, that he wiſt not what to ſay; notwithſtanding, hearing *Florence* to ask if ſhe was his Wife, he anſwered, and ſaid, Yea. O thou diſſembling Fellow, *quoth ſhe*, is it even ſo? didſt thou not ſay thou waſt a Batchelor, ſeeking to marry me, and haſt a Wife alive? Now, fie on thee: O good Lord! how was I bleſt to eſcape him! Nay, now I ſee that *Haunce* may have a Wife in *Flanders* too, although he be here, and therefore, by the Grace of God, I will not marry a Stranger. Oh, *quoth John*, I thought my Wife had been dead, but ſeeing ſhe is alive, I will not loſe her for twenty Thouſand Crowns. So *Florence* departed, and left *John* with his Wife.

Now *Haunce* never waking until it was next Day Noon, when he ſaw he had over-ſlept himſelf, being very ſorry, he went home, not knowing how to excuſe his Folly to *Florence*, whom

whom ſhe utterly forſook, as well in regard of his Drunkenneſs, as for that being a Stranger, he might (like *John* the Frenchman) have another VVife living. But *Nicholas*, (that all this while lay in Priſon) being brought before Alderman *Eyre*, rehearſed the Truth, and craving Pardon for his Offence, was without any more ado delivered: And *Florence* being called before him, he made up the Match between her and his Man *Nicholas*, marrying them out of his own Houſe with Credit, giving them a good Stock to begin the World withal: Alſo for *John* the Frenchman did very much, and ſhewed himſelf a good Maſter to his Man *Haunce*, and to all the reſt of his Servants.

CHAP. XV.

How Maſter Alderman Eyre *was choſen Lord-Mayor of* LONDON; *and how he feaſted the 'Apprentices on* Shrove-Tueſday.

WIthin a while after, Alderman *Eyre* being choſen Lord-Mayor of *London*, changing his Copy, he became one of the worſhipful Company of *Drapers*, and for this Year he kept a moſt bountiful Houſe. At this Time it came into his Mind what a Promiſe once he made to the Apprentices, being at a Breakfaſt with them at their going to the Conduit, ſpeaking to his Lady in this wiſe: Good Lord, *quoth he*, what a Change have we had within theſe Thirty Years! and how greatly hath the Lord bleſſed us ſince that! Bleſſed be his Name for it.

I do remember, when I was a young Apprentice, what a Match I did make upon a *Shrove-Tueſday* Morning, being at the Conduit among other of my Companions; truſt me VVife, *quoth he*, it is worth the hearing, and I'll tell thee how it fell out.

After we had filled our Tankards with VVater, there was ſome would needs have me ſet down my Tankard, and go with them to Breakfaſt (as many times before I had done) to which I conſented, and it was to a Breakfaſt of Pudding-pies, I ſhall never forget it; but to make ſhort, when the ſhot came to be paid, each one drew out his Money, but I had not one Penny in my Purſe, and Credit I had none in the Place; which when I beheld, being aſhamed, I ſaid; Well, my Maſters, do you give me my Breakfaſt this Time, and in Requital thereof, if ever I be Lord-Mayor of *London*, I'll beſtow a Breakfaſt on all the 'Prentices of the City. Theſe were the Words, little thinking (God wot) that ever it ſhould come to paſs; but ſuch was the great Goodneſs of our God, who ſetteth up the Humble, and pulleth down the Proud, to bring whom he pleaſeth to the Seat of Honour; for as the Scripture witneſſeth, *Promotion cometh neither from the Eaſt nor from the Weſt, but from Him who is the Giver of all good things, the mighty Lord of Heaven and Earth.*

Wherefore,

Wherefore, Wife, seeing God hath bestowed that upon me that I never looked for, it is reason that I should perform my Promise, and being able now, I'll pay that which then I was not able to do: For I would not have Men say, that I am like the *Ebon*-Tree, that neither bears Leaves nor Fruit. Wherefore Wife, seeing that *Shrove-Tuesday* is so near at hand, I will upon that Day fulfil my Promise which upon that Day I made. Truly, my Lord, *quoth she*, I will be right willing thereunto. Then answered my Lord: As thou loveſt me, let them want neither Pudding-pies nor Pancakes; and look what other good Chear is to be had, I will refer all things to your Discretion.

Hereupon great Provision was made for the 'Prentices Breakfast, and *Shrove-Tuesday* being come, the Lord-Mayor sent word to the Aldermen, That in their several Wards they should signifie his Mind to the Citizens, to crave their Favours, that their 'Prentices might come to his House to Breakfast, and that for his sake they might play all Day after.

Hereupon it is ordered, That upon the ringing of a Bell in every Parish, the 'Prentices should leave VVork, and shut up their Shops for that Day; which being ever since Yearly observed, is called the Pancake-Bell. The 'Prentices being all assembled, my Lord-Mayor's House was not able to hold them, they were such a Multitude; so that besides the great Hall, all the Gardens were set with Tables, and in the Back-side Tables were set, and every other Place was also furnished, so that at length they were all placed: and while Meat was brought in, to delight their Ears as well as to feed their Bodies, and to drown the Noise of their Prating, Drums and Trumpets were pleasantly sounded; that being ended, the Waits of the City, with divers other sorts of Musick, played also to beguile the Time, and to put off all Discontent.

After the first Service, were all the Tables furnished with Pudding-pies and Pancakes in very plentiful manner; and the rest that remained was given to the Poor. Wine and Ale in a very great Measure they had given, insomuch that they had no Lack, nor Excess, to cause them to be disordered. And in the midst of their Merriment, the Lord-Mayor in his Scarlet Gown, and the Lady in like manner, went in among them, bidding them all heartily welcome, saying unto them, That his Promise so long ago made, he hath at length performed. At that Time they, in token of Thankfulness flung up their Caps, giving a great Shout and incontinently they all quietly departed

Then after this Year, Sir *Simon Eyre* builded *Leaden-Hall*, appointing that in the midst thereof there should be a Market-Place every *Monday* for Leather, where the Shooemakers of *LONDON*, for their more Ease, might buy of the Tanners without looking any farther. And so in the end, this worthy Man ended his Life in the City of *London*, with great Honour.

A New LOVE-SONNET.

Maid.

ALL hail sweet Youth, fair Venus *Graft,*
Chief Master of the Gentle-Craft,
How comely seem'st thou in my sight?
Like Phœbus *in the Heavens bright;*
That never was in Cupid's *Pound,*
Or from his Shaft receiv'd a Wound;
Thy Mind with Mirth it doth appear,
And so thy Love is free from Grief and Care.

Shooemaker.

Fair Maid, you speak no more than Truth;
For why? the freedom of my Youth
I value at too dear a Rate,
To link my self with any Mate:
There is no Comfort on the Earth,
Compared to a free-born Mirth;
When fairest Beauties me o'rethwart,
I look the better on my Heart.

When

When beauteous Nymphs do me surprize,
I shut the Casements of mine Eyes;
For he's a fond and foolish Elf,
That loves a Maid, losing himself.
To fall in Love is such a thing,
From whence sometimes do's Mischief spring,
I wish well unto Women-kind,
But for to Wed I have no mind.

Maid.

What if your Casements chance to ope,
And give Affection so much scope,
As to encounter with a Dame?
Why then methinks it were a shame
For you to love and not to speak,
And by degrees the Ice to break;
But if you speak, and so obtain,
Then have you found your Heart again.

It were a shame for Maids to woo,
But Men may speak, and so may you,
If that Occasion offered be,
God Cupid's Blind and cannot see,
But shoots at Random here and there;
O therefore, Edmund, *have a Care;*
At unawares you may be hit,
No Policy can hinder it.

But Oh, unhappy Women-kind,
That toxicated are in Mind,
And know not how to vent the same,
Without the Loss of our good Name!
They count us bold if now and then
We do but look upon a Man,
And look we may, but dare not speak,
Much less our Mind unto them break.

Shoemaker.

Would I were worthy for to know
The Cause of this your Grief and Woe,
For why your Words and Looks declare,
Your Mind is overcharg'd with Care;
If that your Heart be fled away,
And it be taken for a Stray,
The Man that hath it I'll perswade
To take some pity on a Maid.

This Young-man struck this fair Maid mute,
She wanted one to plead her Suit;
Fain would she speak, but was afraid,
This is the Case of many a Maid;
He was the Man whom she lov'd best,
Her Heart did lodge within his Breast,
Although to him it was unknown,
Until at last he lost his own.

Cupid the God of Love came down,
And on this Young Man cast a Frown;
He bent his Bow and sent a Dart,
That struck the young Man to the Heart.
And, 'cause the Maid should win the Prize,
He open'd the Shoemaker's Eyes;
So when her Beauty he beheld,
He gladly yielded up the Field.

With folded Arms along he walk'd,
And thus unto himself he talk'd:
Oh what are we that vainly trust
In our weak Strength, that are but Dust!
I durst have sworn no living Wight
Could move me from my chief Delight;
But now I see and feel the smart,
Mine Eyes too soon deceive my Heart.

He that before was grown so stout,
And strong enough to keep Love out,
Is vanquisht now, and made to yield,
And did both win and lose the Field:
He Conquer'd her, to him unknown,
She Conquer'd him, made him her own.
Thus Maids with Men are dallying still,
'Till they have brought them to their Will.

Alas! quoth he, how am I crost'd?
Beholding her, my self I've lost.
Now Beauty is become a Snare,
The which hath brought me to Despair;
If she no other Man had lov'd,
I might have hop'd she might be mov'd,
But she another doth affect,
And I must Die without Respect.

She noting of his Passion then,
As Maids will do that love Young Men.
And finding the Occasion fit,
Mark here a wily Wenches Wit;
Delays prove dangerous she knew,
And many Maids have found it true:
Thus in herself resolv'd to speak,
She unto him her Mind did break.

Quoth

How a Shoemaker's *WIDOW* fell in Love with her MAN.

THese Three Years, *John*, I have been deep in Love,
And ne'er till now had Time my Mind to move;
Speak, Canst thou love me? though I am thy Dame,
I would not have thee daunted, fie for shame;
Old Proverb, *Spare to speak and spare to Speed*,
Thou want'st a Wife, and I'a Husband need.

The ANSWER.

MIstris, I am in Love as well, 'tis true,
But to speak Truth, in truth I love not you;
I have a Maid in chalk, as sweet a Lass,
In my Conceit, I think, as ever was;
Pray then forbear, it never shall be said,
I took a Widow, and forsook a Maid.

Reader, Observe what's written by the Poet,
Women and Maids love Men, tho' few do shew it.

FINIS.